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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XLVI.

No. 3428 March 19, 1910

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VOL. CCLXIV.

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## THE VETERAN OF HEAVEN.

O captain of the wars, whence won Ye  
so great scars?

In what fight did Ye smite, and what  
manner was the foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed  
Thee about,

Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye  
wrought their overthrow?

"'Twas on a day of rout they girded  
Me about,

They wounded all My brow, and they  
smote Me through the side:

My hand held no sword when I met  
their armèd horde,

And the conqueror fell down, and the  
conquered bruised his pride."

What is this, unheard before, that the  
unarmed make war,

And the slain hath the gain, and the  
victor hath the rout?

What wars, then, are these and what  
the enemies,

Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy  
conquest trenched about?

"The Prince I drave forth held the  
Mount of the North,

Girt with the guards of flame that  
roll round the pole.

I drave him with My wars from all his  
fortress-stars,

And the sea of death divided that My  
march might strike its goal.

"In the keep of Northern Guard, many  
a great doemonian sword

Burns as it turns round the Mount  
occult, apart:

There is given him power and place  
still for some certain days,

And his Name would turn the Sun's  
blood back upon its heart."

What is *Thy* Name? O show!—"My  
Name ye may not know;

'Tis a going forth with banners, and  
a baring of much swords:

But my titles that are high, are they  
not upon my thigh?

'King of Kings!' are the words. 'Lord  
of Lords';

It is written 'King of Kings. Lord of  
Lords.'"

*Francis Thompson.*

The Dublin Review.

## NORTH DEVON.

Over there the churchyard is:

The old square steeple

Stands above the old gray stones

With their old-time names—

Sellicks, Acklands, Babba-  
combes.

That green slope is Silence's;

There he dwells with the dead peo-  
ple,

Having hushed their laughs and  
moans,

Ended all their prides and shames  
In their six-foot homes.

It is quiet there: when rain comes

The green grass shines through:

When the rain goes the bee hums

And the blackbird pipes too.

But the quiet is not ever, broken

Even on Sabbaths by the wor-  
ship, or the bell:

There hath Silence set his unseen  
token,

Set his spell.

And here too, here beyond these sleep-  
ing

On the other side the rusted, mossy  
wall,

Here comes Silence also softly creeping  
With his unheard foot-fall.

By the nettled and black-berried  
byeways,

By the lanes, and on the climbing  
highways,

Even to this highway's end  
where it goes down

Over cliffs where gulls and foam  
are blown,

Wanders he from his walled,  
green Sanctuary,

To the immemorial sea.

*Frederick Niven.*

## RICORDI.

Of a tower, of a tower, white

In the warm Italian night,

Of a tower that shines and springs

I dream, and of our delight.

Of doves, of a hundred wings

Sweeping in sound that sings

Past our faces, and wide,

Returning in tremulous rings.

*Laurence Binyon.*

# WHAT THE POOR WANT.

Whatever the value of socialism as a theory or an ideal or a political system, there stands this much to its credit; it has had by far the greatest share in awakening our present-day consciousness that a nation is an indivisible body, every part of which must ultimately suffer if any one part becomes or remains diseased. In that awakening it was but natural that the fully articulate classes, among whom discussion is fast and fairly free, should concentrate their attention chiefly upon the very apparent diseases of the less articulate classes, which can only speak up for themselves, at best, through the comparatively clumsy machinery of elections and trade unions. Social reform has come very largely to mean reform of those inarticulate classes. They are different in their habits and customs; therefore it seems they are probably wrong. Materially they are unsuccessful, else they would have risen in life; and therefore they must be wrong; or at least, in an age which judges success in living by material prosperity, they are fit objects of pity. On that basis, the public interest in them has grown apace. In times past the poor, oppressed beyond endurance, have forced their grievances with violence upon those in authority; and in general their action has been ratified by history. To-day the country is exceedingly well policed. But it is safe to say that never before has so much voluntary interest been taken in the welfare and the shortcomings of

the poor, and in what the articulate classes feel ought to be their grievances, whether they are or not. The country so swarms with organizations for improving the lot of the poor, or the poor themselves, that big organizations to organize little organizations have been found necessary, and so on *ad infinitum*. Free and compulsory education is always going to do great things. Unemployment has ceased to be regarded as a misfortune that cannot be helped, a call to charity and nothing more. By both the great political parties it is treated as an evil that must be ended, or at any rate mended, if possible. No Royal Commission has ever excited so much interest as the one which recently issued Majority and Minority Reports upon the Poor Laws and relief of distress. Books dealing with the poor increase. They need not now be lurid to find readers, though it is still an advantage if they are humorous. It is significant that in "The Condition of England"—a peculiarly sensitive impression which its author, one of our youngest and sincerest politicians in high office, will use presumably as a starting-point for his future legislative work—Mr. C. F. G. Masterman treats the poor, not as the débris of our civilization, but as an integral part of it, as the most hopeful part indeed.

England, for the nation or foreign observer, is the tone and temper which the ideals and determinations of the middle class have stamped upon the

\* 1. "The Condition of England." By C. F. G. Masterman. London: Methuen, 1909.

2. "The Queen's Poor: Life as they find it in Town and Country." "The Next Street But One." "From Their Point of View." "An Englishman's Castle." Four vols. By M. Loane. London: Arnold, 1905-9.

3. "At the Works: a Study of a Manufacturing Town." By Lady Bell (Mrs. Hugh Bell). London: Arnold, 1907.

4. "The Bettsworth Book: Talks with a Surrey Peasant." By George Bourne. London: Lamley, 1900. "Memoirs of a Surrey La-

borer: a Record of the Last Days of Frederick Bettsworth." By the same author. (First published, 1907.) London: Duckworth, 1909.

5. "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." By W. H. Davies. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. London: Fifeild, 1908.

6. "Reminiscences of a Stonemason." By a Working Man. London: Murray, 1908.

7. "Speaking rather Seriously." By W. Pett Ridge. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1908.

8. "First and Last Things: a Confession of Faith and Rule of Life." By H. G. Wells. London: Constable, 1908.

vision of an astonished Europe. It is the middle class which stands for England in most modern analyses. . . .

But below this large kingdom, which for more than half a century has stood for "England," stretches a huge and unexplored region which seems destined in the next half-century to progress towards articulate voice, and to demand an increasing power. It is the class of which Matthew Arnold, with the agreeable insolence of his habitual attitude, declared himself to be the discoverer, and to which he gave the name of the "Populace." . . .

The Multitude is the People of England.

Mr. Masterman quotes with approval a saying of Renan's, to the effect that "the heart of the common people is the great reservoir of the self-devotion and resignation by which alone the world can be saved." And there precisely, in that question of heart, lies one of the greatest obstacles to an understanding between the classes and the masses. Investigate the common people's outward conditions of life, but how investigate that heart of theirs, which they do not wear upon their sleeve for those whom they consider daws to peck at? Appeal to their heart and head, but how be sure that they will not reject the appeal with scorn because its proportion of heart to head is not the proportion they hold good? For among the poor the heart takes a very decided precedence of the head. The most open-minded interest in them is called exploration by those interested. By the poor themselves it is more often called curiosity, an impertinence—such an impertinence as would be condemned by everybody if a doctor, without being called, went to a well-to-do household and said oracularly: "Consumption is a curse. I wish to know how many inches each member of this household keeps his or her window open at night, and what you each have for meals, and how it is cooked, and

how many baths each person has a week; for the skin is an important organ. Also I wish to know, for completeness' sake, how many thousands a year the head of the household earns, and what the daughters have for pin-money. By-the-by, burn your Turkey carpets and plush curtains; they harbor microbes. It is nothing to medical science that those dust-collecting ornaments were gifts. Efficiency has no room for sentiment. I shall continue coming until each person satisfies me on all those points, and for my visits you will have to pay, if not directly in fees, then indirectly, through the rates and taxes." Is not the income-tax—the most frequently evaded of all taxes—still denounced as inquisitorial by those fortunate enough to have taxable incomes? To read the books whose names head this article is to see how intensely the poor hate being questioned. To have much to do with them is to know it. "I can't *bear* for people to be inquisitive," says Bettsworth, the Surrey laborer. "What's the use o' talking to they question-asking fellers?" I often hear. "They asks 'ee questions w'out end, an' so long as you wags your tail an' tells 'em what they wants to hear, they goes on wasting their time, an' yours too. But so soon as you begins to tell 'em the truth, what you thinks, an' they don't like it, an' p'raps you can't explain yourself proper, then 'Good day!' they says, an' walks away. An' all o' it don't make things no better. You'm down; they'm up. They got you down, an' down they means to keep 'ee. An' all you tells 'em only gives 'em the advantage to do so. 'Tisn't no use their talking. What they gives 'ee one way, they makes 'ee pay for another, aye! an' pay dear. They don't mean no harm, p'raps, but they does it. They can't help o' it, 'Tis their way. Some things they makes better, others worse. 'Tis all the same in the long run. If you

want help, help yourself, always was an' always will be; an' that sort o' help don't make 'ee feel dubious 'bout it nuther." Such an outburst may seem unreasonable, suspicious, and ill-natured. At all events, it is typical, the outcome of hard experience, and it has to be reckoned with like any other set of class opinions. And whether unreasonable or not, one needs only imaginative sympathy, or, better still, a similar experience to feel much the same, whatever opinion one may form about it afterwards. "Put yourself in his place," Miss Loane and Lady Bell repeat. Furthermore, Miss Loane complains that it is exceedingly difficult to get from the poor any truthful information about themselves. But why should they give it—speaking always from their point of view? One of their nicknames for an inspector is "the bogey-man." After three or four years of life in a working-man's home as one of the family—not from necessity exactly, nor yet as an investigator, but from choice—I confess frankly that I should not hesitate to hoodwink an inspector, not simply for the sheer joy of balking him, but as revenge for his intrusion into our home. Certainly investigation must precede effective aid (though it is still doubtful whether simple generosity does not oftener hit the mark), and for understanding knowledge is needful. But that form of interest in the poor which relies over-much upon inspection and investigation may so easily take wrong lines, may so easily defeat itself.

"The history of a few working-class families observed for a long period," declares Miss Loane, whose experience as a Queen's Nurse is unrivalled, "affords more valuable data than any number of isolated facts." Those who go to a few of the poor with sympathy and affection for them as individuals, as fellow men and women, are likely to learn more—of good, chiefly—than

ever they thought there was to be learnt; but those who descend thither as impartial investigators, or with a merely idealistic sympathy and affection for the mass, will gain next to nothing. It is the spirit that quickeneth, as much in social reform as in religion, as much among the poor as among their so-called betters.

Aloof interest, however acute, scientific and statistical investigation, however thorough, cannot lay hold of spirit. A simply idealistic love for the poor can do no more than see darkly its trend and force. Only a personal love and friendship, a genuine intimacy, can hope to follow the workings of their spirit and to fathom the complex motives for their actions. A change of method is needed in approaching them. Miss Loane's vigorous paragraph on short cuts to sociological knowledge cannot be taken too deeply to heart:

It is exceeding difficult for the upper classes to gain any fair idea of the ordinary domestic relations among the poor, and when they seek for information they too often forget to make allowance for the fact that the chosen teachers are all more or less blinded by their profession. Is it reasonable to ask the club doctor and the district nurse if the lower classes are healthy, to ask the coroner if they are sober and know how to feed their children, the police magistrate if they are honest and truthful, the relieving officer if they are thrifty, the labor master if they are industrious, the highly orthodox clergyman if they are religious, and then call the replies received, *Knowledge of the Poor*.

Yet that, of course, has been the usual procedure!

That a more reasonable, a more human interest in the poor is at last coming into being, is evidenced by the above-mentioned books; by the bare fact that publishers, readers, and a measure of success, have been found for this dozen volumes, all of them,

with the partial exception of Mr. Masterman's and Mr. Wells's, intimate studies at first hand of life among the poor, and all of them controverting a host of too easily accepted notions about this subject. Mr. Masterman's is mainly a study at second hand. In the same sense that history is a study at second hand, of first hand material. It is a survey of results attained. Its title, "The Condition of England," will bear two meanings. It refers to the condition of England during the first decade of the twentieth century, and also to the many new standpoints from which that condition is now being investigated.

The extremely rapid growth of interest in the poor has carried with its definite advantages certain equally definite disadvantages. It has overgrown its age, so to speak; is somewhat hectic, very startled, and in a desperate hurry. It would be amusing, were it not so depressing, to watch the Labor members, for instance, trying to drag laboring men (for their own good) into agreement with views which they are supposed to hold, but which as a matter of fact, they do not hold when it comes to acting upon them. (Hence Mr. Masterman's paradox, that "socialism gathers strength in good times but wanes in bad.") "What on earth be 'em kicking up such a buzz about?" asks the poor man in wonderment when the newspapers devote headlines to his affairs, and new Acts, with new penalties attached, come tumbling upon his head from on high. After being left to fend for himself—with a success much greater in reality than in appearance—he suddenly finds himself regarded as incapable of taking care of himself in any respect whatever. He sees, dimly perhaps, that his democratic leaders flatter him and hold him in contempt at the same time. He is treated like a child badly brought up by its parents, a child very wronged

and very naughty. If he could, and if he would, express his own private opinion with a frankness which he has found to be inexpedient, and with a particularity for which elections afford no scope, his well-wishers would be more than surprised. "Why," they would ask, "should he still be so ungrateful and resentful? See what we have done for him. See what we have given him." Miss Loane provides a partial explanation: "After all, giving is an exercise of power, and we must not expect that the persons who suffer our kindness will find it a wholly pleasurable experience." The difficult art of giving, it seems, lies very much in giving people what they really desire, what they are ready and waiting for. In other words, it requires boundless tolerance and patience. Reforms are needed badly enough in many directions, but it should always be borne in mind that what seems reform to the giver may not be reformatory to the recipient. That which dissatisfies the poor man in his own life is not, as a rule, what horrifies the legislating onlooker. And it cannot be denied that the poor man knows his own life better than any one else can know it for him.

The rapid growth of interest in the poor—I am, of course, very far from denying that it is a good and a most necessary thing—has had another result of doubtful advantage. The quicker a forced march, the greater the number who fall out at different stages and march no more. Similarly, there is at the present time nothing approaching any uniformity of attitude towards the poor on the part of the not-poor. "The rich despise the working people; the middle classes fear them," remarks Mr. Masterman. But indeed the diversity of attitudes is by no means as simple as that. I shall not forget the look of a lady at a literary luncheon, who asked me if I did



not find the habit of "week-ending" greatly interfere with Society, and to whom I replied that I hardly knew, because in working for a fisherman it was my duty most of the summer to take people out in boats for two shillings an hour, and sometimes tips. Working for a fisherman? Yes; most interesting and healthy. Work with the hands is no longer shameful. But tips! Tips! (Let me add; however, that the lady made a good recovery from the shock.) The well-to-do man may fully believe that the poor man is his equal in the sight of God, and perhaps even in the sight of man, but he does not feel the poor man sufficiently his equal to hobnob with him and introduce him to his women-folk, however perfect in propriety the poor man may be. A lawyer, say, may go so far as to admit that a fisherman is a specialist, fully as learned in his own branch of knowledge as a K.C., but he will not have for him the same fellow-feeling that he has for a doctor or for the most hated professional opponent. The latter, the involuntary, is the kind of attitude I mean. It comes uppermost in times of stress, and almost always prevails in the end. To name only a few of such attitudes towards the poor: there is that general attitude, spoken of "rather seriously" by Mr. Pett Ridge, which makes mischief and damage by rich men's sons a case of "boys will be boys," but by poor men's sons a case for the police court. There is what, for the sake of distinction, may be called the Old Tory Ideal of "the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate," and its modern equivalent, "the poor man in his East-end and the rich man in his West." It is, among the various attitudes, not that which the poor themselves understand and sympathize with least. At its best, it has room for many kindly relationships. At its worst, it more than merits the irony of Anatole France:

He asks what goodness is, because goodness is not in him, and he is devoid of virtue. I answer him, "The knowledge of goodness resides in virtuous men; and good citizens carry within them a proper respect for the law. . . . For the duty of the poor is to defend the good things belonging to the rich; and this is how the union betwixt citizens is maintained. This is goodness and good order. Again, the rich man has his serving-man bring out a basket full of bread, which he distributes to the poor; and this is goodness again." These are the lessons this rough ignorant fellow requires to be taught.

Industrially, the same attitude is apt to express itself somewhat thus: "So long as the beggars do their work properly and I pay them what I ought (according to me), why not let well alone? What they do and how they live, outside their work, is no concern of mine. They're getting too damn'd lazy and cheeky with their talk about rights. I believe my wife takes them things when they're ill, but I tell her she's sure to catch something or other in their wretched hovels. She'd far better pay for another district nurse, if she wants to, or send an inspector." The fine democratic ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and *vox populi, vox dei*, degenerate pitifully, amid actuality's rough and tumble, to the cynicism and moral unscrupulousness of election managers. In the intellectual field we admire with a shiver the boundless self-confidence of a Fabian Society in the direction of knowing what is good for people and managing them to their own advantage. At the opposite pole we have that charitable attitude which, basing itself upon such axioms as "The poor always ye have with you," is apt to take the diseases of the body politic and social as inevitable and a matter of course, as fortunate opportunities for the exercise of virtuous charity. "If there were no poor," I have heard such people argue,

"it would be Christianity's loss. Therefore we must have poor."

The imperialistic attitude again which regards the poor, *subconsciously* if not consciously, as a kind of subject race, to be made efficient not so much for the benefit of themselves as for that of the dominant classes, is common enough. And there is the highly practical attitude which would deny preference and sentiment and all the finer feelings to those in want, which, looking upon them as defective machines, tots up the nitrogen and hydrocarbons in their food, regardless of the fact that good digestion waits on appetite, and measures their house comfort in cubic feet by the amount of air-space in their rooms—an attitude combated by Miss Loane when she explains that a disused front parlor affords to many a woman of the better-to-do lower classes scope for a beneficial house pride which otherwise she could not indulge. Finally, there is the impractical, sentimental attitude, the gullibilities of which have been sufficiently exposed. The Reports of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law reflect two separate attitudes towards the poor, rather than set forth two contrary methods of dealing with poverty and destitution. I trust I am not unjust to the great labors of the Commission in saying that both Majority and Minority treat the poor too much as inferiors; the Majority's proposed poor law reminds me of a home for children where, though there is sometimes scarcely enough to eat, a lump or two of sugar can usually be sneaked for the stomach's delight; whereas that of the Minority reminds me oftener of a barrack where there is always a sufficiency of plain, nourishing food, not over tasty, but never a lump of sugar can be stolen because everything is under lock and key, and is weighed out. The essential difference between these two homes would be in the attitude towards the

children, not in the management of the sugar-bags. The Minority's proposals, admirable though some of them are, and highly systematized, waken in me the same sort of horror as a huge piece of machinery which, should one have the misfortune to tumble into it, will go on grinding and will crush one's vitals out. "Must my friends," I ask myself, "because they are poor and sometimes hungry, must I myself, if I come to grief, be shot into that appalling turnip-slicer, for commerce and an army of officials and specialists to feed upon, as a condition of getting something to eat? They might, as they say, be able to do away with extreme poverty—thank God, if they would do away with the workhouses!—but there are worse things than poverty. What can they think of the poor to erect such a system of industrial conscription, with 'the likes o' they' to run it, of course?" And nearly everything does depend on what they think of the poor. As a personal experience to the point, I find that though my "gentleman and lady" acquaintances like to meet my working-class friends, and accept invitations to tea and so forth with pleasure to everybody concerned, they nearly always end by solemnly advising me (for my own benefit) to quit the fisherman's house where I have found a home and all that home means, and to go adrift once more among "people of my own position." What, when cornered, they do not succeed in showing is, that it would be beneficial. And did I live among the poor as a clergyman, or teacher, or political worker, as "something superior and improving," not simply as one of themselves, glad to share, so far as may be, their life and work, to help and be helped, then no objection would be made. There is much kindness in the attitude of these advisers, together with a deep-seated misunderstanding, and in consequence a subtle, ineradicable, hardly

conscious contempt. And on the other side, a bitterness—the bitterer for want of expression—takes possession of the poor man's mind when he is made to feel, without being able to distinguish or explain, a confusion of such attitudes; hemming him in round about, each containing some good and more good intentions, coupled with a contempt mostly unspoken but none the less perceptible; each attitude more articulate nowadays than he is himself. "The likes o' they," he says in his more charitable moments, "bain't no better 'n we be, after the rate; only they got the pull over 'ee, and they hangs on to it; that's where 'tis."

Meanwhile, what is the attitude of the poor towards themselves and towards the life which, after all, they and they only have to live? That is the unknown, but surely not the least important factor. And, again, who are the poor,<sup>1</sup> what are they, how are they to be distinguished from the not-poor? The answer to this second question carries with it some answer to the first, besides pointing the way to such general guiding principles of action, and maybe of reform, as one dares to lay down.

It is plain that income will not differentiate the poor man from other men, nor even the want of capital. Payment by the week, with its well-marked effect on household arrangements, goes farther. The manual laborer is himself his own stock-in-trade; but so are the lawyer, the politician, the doctor, the author. Formal education, in the ordinary sense of the word, does not supply a definition, though it is customary to speak of the poor as "the uneducated." Many members of

the middle and upper classes are too badly educated for any sort of work, whilst very many poor people are splendidly educated in subjects which seldom figure in school curricula, such as horse-management, farming, fishing, machinery, traffic, making a little go a long way. "Culture, as a reality," says Miss Loane, "exists far more generally than novelists and newspaper writers would have us believe, although evidence of it may not be apparent at the first glance." Among the Middlebrough ironworker families Lady Bell found every gradation, from Greek and French scholars to the man who read books only on religious "disbeliefs"; from the nice old woman who wanted to learn to read "something with a little love and a little murder" to the sensible people who said they had something better to do. Nor will speech and manners serve the purposes of definition. Men cannot be classified according to the number of times they say "damn" and "bloody" in an hour; dialect is a beautifully flexible means of communication between those who speak it. Etiquette, though different, is just as strict among the poor as among other classes; their true politeness frequently a thing to marvel at. "If," says Miss Loane again, "we inquired closely into the complaints of modern deterioration of manners in the lower classes, we should find that the real sting does not lie in actual rudeness, but in the shock of receiving courtesy when respect was demanded."

There is, in fact, no clear and inclusive definition of "the poor." The best that can be done is to cut, as far as possible, a middle line through the various classes, find types, and compare them. Obviously it is a difficult task, not to be done without that intimate experience which will be denied to those who undertake it in the spirit of a task; and it is here that the value appears of these books which treat the

<sup>1</sup> I regret using so often the words "poor" and "poor man," because they have associated with them a certain sense of patronage. It is very difficult to find any terms, with the same primary meaning, which have not. And if new terms are invented, they soon gain it. Therefore I can only beg the reader to believe that in using those terms, I want to convey no impression of patronage whatever. Rather the reverse, indeed.

poor above all as human beings.

In moving from the one *milieu* to the other and back again, the change one specially notes is of tradition and atmosphere; almost the only readjustment that has to be made in oneself, is mental. (Not that one's wits have to be polished up on entering the society of educated people; mentally their pace always strikes me as rather slow and restful; they have invented so many certainties to repose upon, and in their conversation the great disturbing problems of human existence are tacitly ruled out.) Likewise, in reading these books, the critical differences which emerge, between the poor and not-poor, are of spirit, outlook, morals, sensibility and sentiment, methods of thought—all that we commonly include under the one term mentality. There the distinction is so striking that it cannot be waived as a mere difference in degree; and Mr. Masterman is led to declare:

Most present-day failures in legislation and social experiment are due to neglect of this fact. It has been assumed that the artisan is but a stunted and distorted specimen of the small tradesman; with the same ideals, the same aspirations, the same limitations: demanding the same moulding towards the fashioning of a completed product. We are gradually learning that "the people of England" are as different from, and as unknown to, the classes that investigate, observe, and record, as the people of China and Peru.

Throughout Miss Loane's works constant reference is made to the endurance, generosity, and forgivingness of the poor, as well as to their failings both apparent and real. Her conclusions may perhaps be fairly summarized in three quotations, the first from "The Next Street but One," the second from "Characteristics of the Poor" in "From their Point of View," and the third from a chapter in "An Englishman's Castle," for which she has invented a

speaker whom she humorously calls "The Fatigued Philanthropist":

The more one sees of the poor in their own homes, the more one becomes convinced that their ethical views, taken as a whole, can be more justly described as different from those of the upper classes than as better or worse.

When one begins to know the poor intimately, visiting the same houses time after time, and throughout periods as long as eight or ten years, one becomes gradually convinced that in the real essentials of morality they are, as a whole, far more advanced than is generally believed, but they range the list of human virtues in a different order from that commonly adopted by the more educated classes. Generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pliant and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. In brief, the less admixture of intellect required for the practice of any virtue, the higher it stands in popular estimation.<sup>2</sup>

Then we are so anxious about the morals of the poor. We especially find fault with them for want of truth, and do not seem in the least aware that they constantly accuse us of wilful and interested lying. . . . Would it not be fairer to say that rich and poor, men and women, vary chiefly in their ideas as to when it is excusable, justifiable, or even compulsory to deceive. . . . The poor often tell what seem to the rich wholly gratuitous lies, but they will tell the truth on occasions when the rich would lie unblushingly. The poor are generally honest, though rarely honorable, and neither honor nor honesty are as common among the upper classes as we like to believe. Listen to candidates for an examination. . . . The examiner is an enemy, and if he can be deluded, there is no harm in delud-

<sup>2</sup> To this Mr. Masterman adds: "It is the emotional, indeed, against the intellectual: to one point of view, life in an incomplete condition of development; to another, life lived nearer to its central heart. Certainly, in the combination of Christian and ethical dicta which make up the popular moral code of modern civilization, the standard of the poor is nearer to the Christian standard." Herbert Spencer's opinion to the effect that, as a foundation for morality, the emotions are superior to the intellect, is also to the point.

ing him, and this state of mind is often fostered by otherwise conscientious teachers. If physical examination of the candidates is demanded, there are no bounds to what they consider permissible deception. . . . Again, is it the poor who travel with a time-expired season ticket, or in a higher class than they have paid for? What is the average morality of the well-to-do with regard to the treatment of hired furniture, horses, bicycles, etc.? Why this perpetual assumption that we know so much better than the poor, and on every conceivable point?

Mr. George Bourne, in two books which are so beautiful so simply true, and so heartfelt that it would seem an irreverence to slap them on the back with laudatory literary epithets, continually finds cause to marvel at "the rich reserves of English fortitude in our peasantry," "the unconquerable good temper," the kindness, "the centuries of incalculable struggle and valiant endurance."

And now, having realized that the circumstances are exceptional, it is becoming increasingly plain to me that Bettesworth is as other men, or—what is more to the purpose—there are thousands of other men who are as Bettesworth is. He is a type of his class. . . . And so, when I hearken to Bettesworth, I feel that it is not to an exceptional man, and still less to an oddity that I am listening; but that in his quiet voice I am privileged to hear the natural, fluent, unconscious talk, as it goes on over the face of the country, of the English race, rugged, unresting, irresistible. The Race, not the aggregate of individuals but the *Stirp* or *Stock* that puts forth Bettesworths by the million, and rejoices in its English soil and loves the hard knocks of adventure and necessity everywhere. The native orderliness, the self-reliance, the indomitable vigor of our English breed unimpaired as yet by culture, this is what Bettesworth's talk means to me.

With a delicacy of perception that is denied to Miss Loane's robust and un-

morous common-sense, her practical hail-fellow charity, he delves into old Bettesworth's talk to find the mind-quality which underlies and supports those other moral qualities. Somewhat long quotations are necessary to figure a type of mind so living yet so remote from the accepted standards of to-day.

Of course, looked at from the ordinary educated standpoint, the old man must be an unsatisfactory spectacle, very irritating to those who would improve him, for truly his ignorance of book-learning is profound. . . . Although he may have some qualified respect for the people who would instruct him in this sort of thing, he betrays not the slightest desire to resemble them. On the other hand, for people whose worth is independent of culture and refinement of manner he has a generous appreciation. Of several wealthy farmers he speaks in tones of warmest approval, perhaps because they are alive to his own value, unrecognized by the preaching colonel and the refined classes. But his admiration is only whole-hearted for men of his own class who are really effectual. . . . Still, there is no doubt that Bettesworth regrets his lack of education. . . . But on the whole, it is probable that he knows all he need know about books. They could teach him nothing of much value to him, for the things he still hungers to learn are of another sort, and are to be acquired in another way.

The receptivity of the man's brain was what struck me. One pictured it pinked and patterned over with thousands of unsorted facts—legions of them jostling one another without apparent arrangement. Yet all were available to him; at will he could summon any one of them into his consciousness. A modern man would have had to stop and sift and compare them, and build theories and systems out of all that wealth of material. Not being modern, Bettesworth did not theorize; his thoughts were like the dust-atoms seen in a sunbeam. But though he did not "think," still a vast common-sense somehow or other flourished in

him, and these manifold facts were its food.

From such deep sources of physical sanity his optimism welled up, that he really needed, or at any rate craved for, no spiritual consolation. Like his remote ancestors who first invaded this island, he had the habit of taking things as they came, and of enjoying them greatly on the whole.

Again, lest it be urged that even Bettesworth's enjoyment is tragical in its ignorance of æsthetic pleasures, old Bettesworth, who "*do* like to see things growin'," who stands up to exclaim to the sun piercing the winter haze, "That's right! The sunshine's what we wants!" or who in a March gale asks enthusiastically, "En't it nice to lay in bed and hear the wind roar?"—this old Bettesworth and his kind are not without poetry because they lack verse. Out of their wind-blown, sun-burned toll, they suck a profit more than we who live within doors may understand. It seems to me, too, that there is some profit for Bettesworth—an enviable profit—in the mere fact of living a brave life.

The second of the above extracts gives the clue to that vast difference in mentality, in method of thought, which underlies the more evident differences between the poor and the articulate classes—a difference much on a par with the loss that any impression sustains as soon as it comes to be written down. In one of her books Miss Loane complains of the illogicality of the poor; she remarks on the undue importance they attach to the actual handling of the coin in money matters. It is quite true. I have found it impossible really to convince children old enough to go out to work that if we have half a dozen mackerel left over and sell them for a silver sixpence, and their mother has in consequence to buy seven or eight penny-worth of fish for our supper, we are less well off than if we had kept the mackerel themselves for supper and had gone without the sixpence. On the other hand, they are to a certain

extent right, for seeing is still believing, and the tangible, visible money is decidedly, if irrationally, more encouraging than a profit and loss account, when the work to be faced may mean lying in an open boat all night, or hooking mackerel in the chill of the day before breakfast, with an occasional bucketful of water skatting inboard over one's head. The poor are not logical; they neither make any great use of, nor are at home in, logical processes of thought; but in compensation they have an astonishing faculty of allowing for that penumbra of hazy or apparently unrelated facts, thoughts, and minor impressions which, in life and in the human consciousness, always surround and modify every fact, thought, and major impression. Theirs is the impressionistic method. Instead of trying to proceed from hypothetical premisses to logical conclusions, they feel rather than reason their way from a mass of perceptions too large and mixed for logic to conclusions which are hypothetical in the sense that they cannot be logically proved, but which, probably, are equally sound in their bearing on real life. The educated man attempts to reason a matter out; the poor man—in his own phrase—to *weigh it up*.<sup>2</sup>

As an actual instance of the two

<sup>2</sup> It is noticeable that of late philosophy has tended to sanction the weighing-up, as opposed to the logical method of dealing with existence. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his most interesting book, "*First and Last Things*," in which he declares his adherence to Pragmatism, puts the point very neatly: "It is true you can make your net of logical interpretation finer and finer, you can fine your classification more and more—up to a certain limit. But essentially you are working in limits, and as you come closer, as you look at finer and subtler things, as you leave the practical purpose for which the method exists, the element of error increases. Every species is vague, every term goes cloudy at its edges; and so in my way of thinking, relentless logic is only another name for a stupidity—for a sort of intellectual pigheadedness." It is obvious, too, how the weighing-up method exposes the poor man to the political propaganda (so piquantly analyzed in Mr. Graham Wallas's "*Human Nature in Politics*") which is based on, "When I shriek a thing forty times, it's true"—and would expose him still more but for his notorious suspiciousness.



methods of dealing with a subject: my skipper and myself have lately been experimenting with a small otter-trawl, the use of which we have had to learn for ourselves.<sup>4</sup> One question was, whether we ought to tow it with or against the tide. I attempted to tackle the subject on scientific lines; that is to say, I tried to take first of all the effect on it of one set of conditions, and one only—those which determine the spread of the net, the distance between the otters. Suppose, I said, the wind is dead abeam, capable of sailing the boat four miles an hour, and the tide is two miles an hour. Then, with the tide, the boat will travel six miles an hour, and against it two. But the spread of the net depends on the speed the otters travel through the water, which itself is moving after or against the boat. And in both cases the otters travel four miles an hour *through the water itself*. Therefore the spread of the net ought to be the same with or against the tide. "Aye," said my skipper, "but thee hasn't 'lloved for the surface currents, n'et for the lop, an' thee's got to get thy wind dead abeam both ways no matter how thee's want to drag across the ground. An' the tide'll be slackin' up or making all the time, an' the wind won't stay the same, an' there's lots of other things you got to take into count so soon as you begins to weigh it all up. I bahn't going to hae thic. What you'm supposing, don't never happen, not all to once!" In other words, accurate and complete premisses are not ascertainable. My logical method, it will be admitted, would prove excellent for purely imaginary and controllable conditions, but for the many and complicated conditions of real trawling it is next to useless, convenient as a check

<sup>4</sup> An otter-trawl is a bag-shaped net for dragging along the bottom. The mouth of it is kept open not by a beam but by two upright wooden wings, or otters, one on either side, which travel obliquely against the water, and in so doing spread farther from each other the faster the trawl is towed.

on the other method, and no more. When my skipper has weighed the matter up—though he will not, I am sure, be able to tell me afterwards precisely what factors he has weighed up—there is little doubt that his conclusions will give us the better guidance. And otter-trawling is so very simple compared with human affairs.

The weighing-up method has its own defects, of course, which may at times lead to the gravest errors, but enough has been said, probably, to show that the poor have their own typical mental and moral characteristics, not necessarily inferior to, nor in the larger view less valuable than, those of other classes; that their mental and moral state is not merely one of incomplete and poverty-stricken development.

An objection certain to be made is this. "All these generalizations may be true of country folk, but what about the dwellers in our terrible industrial towns?" When, the year before last, the present writer published a book chiefly on fishermen, in which he endeavored to sum up the typical characteristics of the poor by saying that they have not only "the will to live," but, in a greater degree than any other class, "the courage to live," many such objections were made. "It is doubtful, indeed," said one critic, "whether it is not just this element of the sea, with its spiritual call for adventure, pluck, resource, and hardihood that makes the author so optimistic, and thus colors some of his conclusions about the poor man's life." "He probably," said another critic, "would find far less manifestation of it in the difficult darkness of the cities, where fear rather than courage is the driving force of common humanity." Call the instinct of self-preservation fear, and fear will at once be found in plenty among the poor everywhere; but to do so is to imitate the little girl mentioned by Miss Loane, who was brought to book for killing a

chicken, and protested, "I didn't kill it, I didn't! I laid a stick on it and it died." These books, which treat the poor as human beings, lend no support whatever to the supposition that only fishermen, among poor men, possess "the courage to live," and that it is replaced by fear in the cities, although in the case of fishermen it may well be more apparent and picturesque. Mr. Bourne speaks of Bettesworth in his prime as living a "varied life, careless, confident and strong"; and repeatedly of the courage with which he faced old age, burdened with an epileptic, half-crazy wife. Lady Bell brings evidence and to spare of the existence of "the courage to live" among the ironworkers of Middlesbrough, "a place in which every sense is violently assailed all day by some manifestation of the making of iron." Miss Loane, with her vast experience of the poor in town and country, makes no essential distinction between them. Last year an English translation appeared of a book called "On the Tracks of Life," in which, among much that is flamboyant and merely acute by flashes, the author, Dr. Leo G. Sera, says.

There is a magnanimity about the plebeians in making a continual sacrifice of their persons and often of their own lives with a stoicism which, if it be sometimes unknown to themselves, is at other times really superior disdain. With few or no attachments to life, they often show themselves indifferent to it, and, both in their disputes and in the risks they run, they exhibit a courage and indifference to death which are found only in brave men.

By the complete yielding up of themselves which they are always doing, and by the dissipation of their own lives, the plebeians bear some resemblance to the aristocratic type, and this latter type has much more in common with the former than with the middle-class type.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> I.e., aristocratic in the Nietzschean sense; possessing an abundance of the "will to power," in accordance with Nietzsche's defini-

tion: "Feeble will is oscillation and the loss of equilibrium; strong will is the orientation of instincts." That view of the situation is especially interesting and to the point, because Dr. Sera is an Italian, and such an opinion from a foreigner supports the contention of those who find national distinctions less dividing than the gulf which separates different classes belonging to the same race and nation.

It is impossible here to survey the whole of the political ground by the light of these generalizations on the life of the poor. To look facts in the face is to recognize that government is not yet democratic; that the poor do not in practice initiate or in any great degree control the social legislation by which they benefit or suffer; and that the query, "How shall we, the articulate legislating classes, deal with the poor?" still represents actuality. The last Licensing Bill, for example, was supposed to have been demanded by popular mandate. It divided itself into two parts, that dealing with "the Trade" and that dealing with so-called temperance reform. It struck me as significant at the time that, in moving about a great deal among "the masses," I never heard from them a good word for the brewers, and scarcely a good word for the Bill as a whole; the latter because the temperance reform sections were, I think, felt to be a slur upon the working classes and an attempted infringement of their personal liberty. And almost, if not quite, alone among newspapers "The New Age" noticed that whilst the Lords would not hear of the proposals directly affecting the brewers, they were ready to consider those sections which would have interfered with the personal liberty, for good or ill, of the working classes. Commons and Lords were equally unrepresentative. With social legislation in general, doubts continually obtrude themselves as to whether so much interference with the personal

lives of the poor is not at least unwarrantable; doubts like those to which Miss Loane's experience gives rise:

For many generations an innumerable multitude of charitable people have been deeply concerned in helping the poor: they have attacked the problems relating to them from the religious, the moral, the sentimental, the intellectual, the "practical" standpoints. All alike have failed almost completely either in reducing the number of the abjectly wretched, or of effecting any lasting improvement in their condition. And why? Chiefly, I believe, because they have one and all despised the home life of the poor, held it cheaply, as a thing of no moment.

Is not, one asks, so much interference with that home life likely to engender a resentment, a deeper estrangement between the classes, dangerous for the welfare of all? Furthermore, the question demands answer: Is it not imprudent and inexpedient for the whole community, as well as for the poor, to handle their lives so lightly, with less than half-knowledge, and to risk the loss of those typical and valuable qualities which they have acquired gradually, or retained obstinately, through lengthy adaptation to their own conditions of life and by unending efforts to live up to their own standards? Is it good to force other conditions upon their standards, other standards upon the conditions they have to live under? Would they not go on developing better, and above all more soundly, upon their own lines, if they were given the chance?

We need, in dealing with the poor, "to act sincerely in the presence of our ideas"; not to hold large ideas and act upon small ones; not to respect the poor in literature and treat them as silly children, who cannot be expected to know what is good for them, when we come to legislation. One of the principal characters in Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" is an old

seaman who has spent his life in ships' forecastles with no promotion, no material success, and scarcely a month ashore. During a gale his blind endurance at the wheel saves the ship. It is, we are made to feel, the culmination of his life and the beginning of his end. Judged by the standards in use, his life would appear a thing most ineffectual, his death of no note. It is one of the triumphs of a wonderful book that we see the old man in his true relation to the sea, to human existence, to what are called the eternal verities; a good seaborer, and as such a heroic figure; a life commonplace enough, but a life well to have lived. The great wise men, the heroic figures of the Bible and of literature, to whom homage is rendered, would they not now be dubbed ignorant, and be treated as so much material for social reformers to work upon? Their wisdom would be dealt with as beside the point, irrelevant. Their want of schooling would be thrown in their faces, as it is thrown in the faces of the poor. I witness almost every day educated people listening to old fishermen for their experience and quaintly expressed wisdom and knowledge of life, who, if it were suggested that the old fishermen's talk should be acted upon, would, as good as call them old fools. Indeed, so strong is habit, that I do it myself, who ought to know better, after listening to them so much and watching their lives. Some grasp of the anomaly is implied, I imagine, in the insistence of the poor on "seeing life" as a part of education, and their tolerance of the falls which "seeing life" very frequently brings in its train. Mr. Masterman's praise of "that zest and sparkle and inner glow of accepted adventure which alone would seem to give human life significance"; Miss Loane's assertion that, "broadly speaking, the people who become and remain rich are those who accept all the responsibilities that life brings

them, and even seek for more"; those ideas in books meet with very ready approval. But how are they acted upon? The life of the poor is one long and rather grim adventure; their responsibilities, compared with their means of sustaining them, are almost overwhelming. Many of them complain bitterly that "the likes o' us toils and slaves an' never gets no for'ard"; far fewer regret the adventurousness of their lives or shy at their responsibilities. At times they seem hardly to be aware of either. Yet—as with Miss Loane's help we see more plainly than before—the social reformer singles out for attack on all sides just those two great factors in the poor man's moral training. Among the poor I have heard more echoes of ancient wisdom than ever elsewhere, and have seen it oftener acted upon; but those, notwithstanding, are the people over whom, because they are ignorant of finance, science, and other of life's superficialities, the social reformer is anxious to play schoolmaster in all things. They are judged exclusively by the more apparent sorts of material success. In science, even, materialism has had its day. Why retain it in dealing with the poor?

Free and compulsory education exists for better or for worse; it has to be accepted, together with the profound influence it must necessarily exercise. In some ways it is undervalued by the poor; in other ways absurdly overvalued. If they were only educated, they are apt to think, everything, including a rapid rise in life, would be easy and plain before them. The excess of the stonemason's pride (*"Reminiscences of a Stonemason"*) in his self-educational attainments over his pride in a hard-working, well-spent, and effective life, is almost pathetic. Usually, in conversation, the poor who have become newspaper readers recall their own valuable and interesting experiences and

any stale nonsense they may have picked out of a cheap newspaper with equal satisfaction and a singular lack of discrimination. They have heard so much about education and reading as panaceas that, against their better sense as at other times expressed, they more than half believe it. The education given in our primary schools has been much criticized for its failure to teach useful, as opposed to examinational knowledge; for the habits of inattention, thoughtlessness and slipshod workmanship which many children seem to gain at school; and for the false social ideals with which they are there infected. It is a phase, we are told. Whenever I have asked working men the plain question, "What education d'you think the kids ought to have then?" the answer has always been the old-fashioned one. "They ought to learn 'em to read and write and reckon *well*, which they don't do, and to speak up for themselves, so that them as can chatter shan't browbeat 'em down. After that they can go for'ard, if they'm minded, and they bahn't spoiled for staying where they be." That particular form of reply I have heard in Devonshire; but almost the same words come from Bettsworth, in Surrey—"readin', and writin', and summin', and to know how to right yourself." The opinion of those who have brought the children into the world, and worked to bring them up, is not to be despised. The well-to-do have a large amount of voice in what their children shall be taught and the age at which they shall leave school. Working-class parents have practically none. Those who will have the responsibility of putting their children out to work might well be consulted as to the same children's education. They know better than teachers the life their children will probably have to lead; and they recognize better than educationalists that to know how to work, to have

the habit of working cheerfully and well, is more important than knowledge. As Miss Loane's "Fatigued Philanthropist" very pointedly remarks, "After all, do they not bring up a thousand times as many as the rich, and make far less fuss over the matter? The supposition that they are indifferent to their children, and expect them to look after themselves at an early age, is ludicrously inaccurate."

There is, however, another criticism to be made from a somewhat wider base. If that view, already mentioned, of a nation as an organized community be carried further, it becomes evident that, so long as there are different sorts of work to be done, different types of mind will be required to do it well. What, then, does our educational system do to produce, or at least to encourage and develop, when found, different types of mind. Nothing at all, so far as the poor are concerned, except to promise technical education for those already well enough off to take advantage of it. The aim apparently is to produce varying approximations to the clerk or teacher or minor professional man; to foster only one type of mind, that which responds readily to the cut-and-dried curriculum in vogue. Miss Loane refers to the "peculiarly distressing case of defectives, so little noted by statisticians, and so sadly familiar to small employers of labor—persons capable of acquiring literary education, and in some cases specially excelling in arithmetic, but unable to apply themselves to even the simplest forms of manual labor." And there is the opposite class of defectives—those who can labor but cannot learn in school. The former type is encouraged to its own disaster; the latter is labelled dunce, and is kept idling on at the tail of the class till the legal age of leaving, by which time the habit of idleness is confirmed. Under an edu-

cational system capable of recognizing and fostering different types of mind, neither extreme need be stigmatized as defective, each might be made useful in its own way. Miss Loane, in one place, favors a long education, because the children thereafter work more intelligently. But she takes care to say in another place that, almost without exception, the best husbands and fathers to be found among the poor have been men whose mothers "learned 'em to work, and seed they did their fair share." (Mothers, be it noted, not teachers.) The apparent contradiction is nothing else than an argument in favor of different types of education and different leaving-ages according to the probable nature of the work in store. That working-class parents wish their children to leave school early in order that they may make money out of infant labor, is in nine cases out of ten a fiction. They know that, for children with a lifetime's labor before them, "getting at it gradual and early" is preferable to being brought to it suddenly and painfully, if at all, later on. (One notices among the poor that loafers are usually better spoken and better learnt than hard-working men.) There are some sorts of work which must be "got at" early. Fishermen, for instance, hold firmly that a man must have been not only trained but *bred* to their trade. The finished product of the schoolroom and playground cannot be expected to take to fishing, with its exposure and call for endurance, its periods of trying idleness and of work severe beyond the powers of the average man. "They an't got the heart, they an't got the guts," fishermen say. In the fishery I know best there is not now a single youth coming on, though there is still a decent living to be got out of the sea. When they leave school they want "softer jobs," or none. Education must bear its share of the blame.



The Poor-Law Commissioners reported in favor of a change of curriculum in the schools. With deference, one would go further and say that, until different types of mind are fully recognized and developed, not by different degrees of the same type of education, but by different types of education, extending not to one leaving-age but to suitable leaving-ages, the human resources of the nation cannot be properly organized.

"Countless pages" (concludes the stonemason in his *Reminiscences*) "have been written about poverty, but the sentence in the old book, 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty,' contains the pith of the matter." A noteworthy by-product of the Tariff Reform and Budget controversies has been the free admission, by both the great political parties, that the poor do not receive economic justice. Social reform and economic reform have been much confused; they stand confused in the public mind, except in so far as economic reform suggests robbing the rich, whilst social reform suggests, very unaccountably, mending the manners and customs of the poor only; and of course, economic and social reform do merge into and react upon one another. It may indeed be that they appear much the same thing from the point of view of those who want to "raise" and otherwise modify by legal force the personal lives of the poor, but from the standpoint of the poor themselves they are quite distinct; and the right and reason of the State to interfere is far from the same in both cases. Perhaps the difference may be put thus: a man's economic relations depend close on the State, and the State should be a sleeping partner with one eye open, ready at all times to ensure not only shilling honesty between parties, but general honesty; whereas a man's social relations and personal conduct are primarily his own affair, and the State should be a part-

ner sound asleep unless violently awakened. For the State, though capable, theoretically at all events, of judging a man's economic transactions and position, is not capable of judging a man's life and self, and ought not to make a pretence of doing so except when crime, for example, forces its hand. Distinguished thus, economic and social reform appear very different in nature and effect. The first is warrantable and necessary; the second is not, and in practice usually does more harm than good. To the poor, economic reform means a measure of justice between the "haves" and the "have-nots"; but social reform means "police," whether they are really required or not. It involves, too, that which Mr. John Burns so well protested against when he said in the House of Commons that, being by nature a kindly man, he was averse from the creation of new crimes.

Granted the above distinction between economic and social reform, most of the provisions of the Factory Acts, Food Adulteration Acts and improved housing come under the economic category. The extreme importance of better housing is acknowledged. Miss Loane, whose opportunities of forming an opinion on the matter have been almost unique, declares that "the housing of the poor is disgracefully bad, and often the matter is beyond their individual control." "Moreover, the poor are seldom or never in a position to put any pressure upon their landlords, and dare not make open complaints of the condition of their houses." But it needs to live day by day in a working-man's house, even a comparatively good one, to realize how his life is hampered in every direction by the fact that he does not, and cannot, obtain value for his rent-money. On the other hand, if Mr. Pett Ridge, an open-minded and close observer, is to be believed, temperance reform, that typical example of the social reformer's work.



has achieved very little except the harassing of one class.

Reforms which have so far come in the drink habits of the people cannot be claimed by Parliament. . . . I wish the results of an Act were always as good as its intentions. It is certain that when the Houses of Parliament decided no child under fourteen should be served in a public-house unless as a messenger conveying a sealed bottle, they honestly believed they were doing the wise, judicious thing. The actual consequences, so far as my observation goes, have been that, whereas in former days the youngster was dispatched with a jug and brought it back filled (taking slight toll on the way, more as a declaration of independence than from any appetite for the beverage), now the mother or father has to take the jug, and being inside the cheerful public-house, feels that courtesy demands a drink should be ordered for consumption on the premises. If acquaintances are met there, the silly procedure of treating is perhaps started.

My own experience entirely bears out Mr. Pett Ridge's. If Sunday closing comes into force we shall no doubt buy on Saturday nights a bottle of spirits, or get in half a dozen bottles of beer, and on Sundays we shall, I dare say, finish the lot in an aimless festivity, instead of discussing the news of the day over a couple of glasses of beer in a public-house. The Children Act, which forbade the public-house to children, has proved, in that respect a kindness to everybody but the children. If those journalists who belauded the Children Act, under the name of "The Children's Charter," could have realized how much undeserved insult to the poor was contained in their laudations, and how much resentment arose therefrom, they would have moderated their appeal to the shallower sentimentalism of their readers. Cigarettes have now an additional attraction to boys of any spirit. When they can smoke openly,

they will smoke, as the saying goes, like furnaces. To make such laws is to render the law a farce.

Social reform on the part of the legislating classes is, in effect, an attempt to modify lives hardly known, with results that cannot be foretold. No statistics or inspections can grasp those imponderables of life, which alone count in the end. Miss Loane's books, and in a lesser degree the others, form one long protest against neglect of the imponderables in poor people's lives. It is observable that social reformers are demanding more and more inspection, a system the inherent defects of which are greater than its qualities. It is resented as an impertinence by the poor; it ignores the imponderables; it judges the lives of one class by the standards of another; and long before it attains efficiency, even within its own narrow limits, the cost has become prohibitive. Social reform based on such a system cannot but be misguided.

It has been said that the cardinal difference between the lot of rich and poor is, that the former have more margin in which to remedy mistakes. It is exactly that inequality, that proportional difference of margin, which economic reform can remedy. It would give to the poor the opportunity of progressing in the only sound manner, by their own efforts and on their own lines. They have their ideals as much as any other classes, but not at present the same means of attaining them.

It will be noticed that the broad principles here advocated (not very systematic principles perhaps—how can they be in such a chaos?) are more akin to what has been called the Old Tory attitude than to most attitudes. They tend, in fact—if it is not stretching terms too far—towards a New Toryism or Nationalism, a Nationalism founded on respect for the poor; less bent on "raising them out of their stations" than

on providing them with justice in that station, and the chance of bettering themselves whenever by their own efforts they can do it; sufficiently sensible of human brotherhood in the elemental things of life not to be under the illusion that equality necessitates sameness; prepared to honor the poor for what they are, where they are; confident that there are many different lines of development, and therefore tolerant of other class customs and class aims; and conscious always that, as the poor so often say, it takes all sorts to make a world—or a well organized nation.

That, it must be confessed, is an  
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ideal perhaps high-flown. Without imputing its imperfections to the poor, I put it forward less as my own than as what they themselves have taught me. There was, and still lives, a social reformer who at last despaired and said, "It's no good; I go on because I've started; but what we want in order to set things right is a new religion, and only that can do it." A new spirit in dealing with the poor is indeed wanted; a spirit of understanding and of patience, and above all of good fellowship. From that the rest, or at all events a good deal of it, would follow, and the problem would begin to be solved the right end foremost.

*Stephen Reynolds.*

## THE EARLY HOMES AND HAUNTS OF CARLYLE.

The visiting of the homes and haunts of our great writers is our modern form of pilgrimage to the shrines of saints. But it is also a special case of the study of man as related to his environment; and that is the problem of problems in geography and, for Buckle and Taine, of literary criticism also. How far do circumstances determine each individual temperament and genius, or at least color these? Or how far may mind and man be independent of them? Literary critic and scientific geographer have hitherto been, for the most part, attacking the problems separately; yet though the man of science is seldom a man of letters, the critic has always been much of a geographer, more perhaps than he knew. At any rate, more and more their studies begin to overlap; at no distant day they may be almost in common. The case of Sir Walter Scott is perhaps the most obvious and therefore convenient illustration of this. Every biographer is wont to note the birthplace of Scott, between the College Wynd and the Cowgate of Old Edinburgh, and to insist also upon the

value to his imaginative childhood of his early experience amid the shepherds and the ballads of the border. We visit his pretty little thatched cottage overlooking the village of Lasswade, with Drummond's tomb just below and Hawthornden itself almost in sight. We see how his modern house in the regular and formal New Town and his daily walk to and fro helped him to realize the beauty of "Our own romantic town" even then so rapidly passing away; and we follow him to the realization of his ambitions in Abbotsford—in its own way also the fitting study and workshop as well as reward of a richly productive life. Here, then, the literary critic and the local geographer are completely at one, their partnership unusually obvious. Yet the same parallelism may be traced with far more abstract writers. Thus, for instance, it has long been a custom of our Edinburgh Summer Meetings to organize one of its first Saturday excursions to Scott's country, but one of its next to Adam Smith's. For as we best understand Scott within sight of

Melrose and Eldon Hills, so the great economist reads most simply at Kirkcaldy. Perched on the heights above "the lang Toun" and overlooking the many townlets which brighten and circle the fringes of Fife, seeing spread out plain before us the manifold division of labor, the work of shepherd and farmer, fisher and miner, their many-sided co-operation also, we see that here for the thoughtful boy—father of the great man—was an environment as educative in its way and for its purpose as Scott's for his. We find that passages of the *Wealth of Nations* rightly considered universal and classic are none the less obviously inspired by regional conditions, and suggested by industries which are still in view.

Pass now from these two men of genius in their surroundings to the more complex problem presented by Carlyle. For his personality, like that of so many Scotsmen, eminent or no, is made up of the elements of both Scott's and Smith's; for he has in him much of the romantic historian, much also of the abstract and social thinker. We may similarly retrace his life-course, ask which are its more important centres, and how these may have respectively contributed to mould his thought. As the current Renaissance goes on, that of the Literature of Locality, it begins to be realized more and more generally that there are fairly distinct and strongly prominent local breeds of talent, each of which now and then rises into genius. There are regions in Wales, in Yorkshire, where the social tradition of song continues from an unbroken and remote past, and where also the voices of the people have more native musical quality than those of other regions. And as the Yorkshire singers look back to mediæval choirs and mediæval singers, and the Welshmen have been keeping alive the memories and echoes of a far remoter world of Celtic antiquity, so we may trace other

long persistent characters in this and that region, it may be in our own district or neighborhood, until maps have a new interest, a new significance to us, a power of historic evocation. Let us not only read maps but make them; let us mark down, as critics are more and more beginning to do, in outline, as Mr. Havelock Ellis or Dr. Reich actually do in detail, the geographical distribution of genius. The choral song of Wales, the ballad minstrelsy of the Border thus soon find their parallels; say for obvious instances the "Devon Sea-Kings," the "Skye Generals" or the nowadays better-known Irish ones. Generation after generation, the same locality bears the same natural flora; and so too with its human flowers. Thus we are not wholly surprised to find that the two most eminent British names in natural science after Darwin's own, those of Sir Charles Lyell and of Robert Brown (whom Humboldt called "*facile princeps botanicorum*"), both come from Forfarshire; for when we come to know the country, we see how common to this day among its lairds and laborers is an unusually keen and intelligent, even a trained, interest in nature. And when one passes to the widely contrasted West of Scotland, and knows more of Strathclyde and its persistent type of Ancient Britons (though these nowadays hardly know themselves in modern Glasgow), one understands that it is by no mere coincidence that Dr. Livingstone should appear so near the village from which St. Patrick had set forth upon his Irish mission many a century before. The saint of Ireland and the modern missionary of Africa were one in race and type, in blood and brain and temperament, in aims and ideals; they differed but in tongue and training. And between these remotely separate types, might we not find many a link, truly akin in spirit and in body, though not at first sight easy to recognize under

the costumes of their times: here the cowl or cassock of the mediæval church or there the hoddie gray of the Covenanters?

It is these last clues which of course start us most directly upon the trace of Carlyle; for in him more prominent than either the note of romance or the keen economic insight which alternately remind us of Walter Scott or of Adam Smith are that naturalist-like, photographic precision, that love of concrete detail which comes from the keen Viking stock which so long scanned and searched our every coast and named its Western dales. More important still is the Berserk passion which fills so many of his pages with the very storm of battle, which makes us see the garments rolled in blood and hear the noise of the captains and the shouting. Yet deeper than that battle-cry of desperate Northman, more spiritual than the hero tale and hero-worship of the Norseman as Skald, is the Celtic note—that of the old Galloway saints; now rapt in meditative silence, each in his own hermitage, again bursting forth into passionate prophecy; at one moment awakening thoughtless youth or stirring habit-fixed maturity into repentance and resolve, or anon reading the presages of the degenerate times and proclaiming their coming nemesis of war. To the Norse strain, then, Galloway owes much, but to the native Celtic stock yet more; the strong paternal cross of Viking dalesman has but given its fuller strenuousness to the inwardness and spirituality of Celtic motherhood; rightly, then, we get our Carlyle from Galloway, as Scott from the Border. Each in his way supremely inherits and epitomizes the genius of his race and region, and stamps it plain upon his old homes and haunts, so that henceforth the merest tourist, let alone the thoughtful pilgrim, may not only read but see.

In Galloway, then, we have the right

native soil, the racial origins of our Norse hero-teller, of our Celtic prophet. Little wonder that in old age, when youthful memories reawaken and early standpoints return, he should write in one mood of "The Early Kings of Norway," in the other of the "Portraits of John Knox." The regional atmosphere, in its tradition of desperate and heroic valor, is obviously continued through the Middle Ages by the Bruces of Annandale, by the Douglasses, also in their turn Lords of Galloway; yet that of spiritual retirement and communion survived also in many centres. For at Sweetheart Abbey, that noble monument of widowed love, built by poor Balliol for his lost Devorgilla, our sombre student-lover, home for short vacation-visits from his uncongenial Edinburgh studies, his uncertain courtship, must have forefelt something of that sorrow he was himself in old age so poignantly to experience, so bitterly to express. Carlyle must often have dreamed among the ruins of Dundrennan Abbey, which still tell of the last hours of Mary's stormy reign, of that momentous resolution which took her to captivity and death at Fotheringay, and so opened that second epic of wars, greater, fiercer than her first, of which the Armada itself is but the culmination. For this second Helen of Troy was for ten years, and in death no less than in life, the queen upon that high chess-board upon which the inexorable Fates, the all-compelling Ideals are ever at play with the fate of nations as with the lives of men. Her story, though still awaiting some new Homer to weld its many lays, is no less central to the epic of England and of Spain than to that of France and Scotland, and in its immortal contrasts of heroisms and civilizations, in its mighty wars by land and sea, in its interminglings of universal and of biographic interest, is an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey* in one. All this the young Carlyle imag-

ined and felt; would that he had but written as he assuredly dreamed!

Enforcing such historic preparation as this, came frequent visits to Haddington, a quaint, peaceful country town, yet among the richest and completest in Scotland in memories; for here is again a noble and sacred ruin, that "lamp of the Lothians" which kept its faithful light so long undimmed amid a degeneracy and corruption which made the Scottish Church the admitted disgrace of Catholic Europe. May we not ask, Was it not this very contrast that helped to give his reforming resolve and enthusiasm to John Knox, whose early home confronts the Abbey at Haddington, and who was assuredly not at first so harsh as he came to seem when embittered by years of galley-slavery, of exile, and of civil war? And when we bear in mind that our student was here as a lover, and this of a girl of the highest spirit, even prouder of her paternal descent from Knox than of her mother's from William Wallace, may we not more fully see how the historic impulse of his life took form, and how despite his later scepticisms his voice never ceased to echo with the burning invective of the great Reformer? Yet also, despite all his fire—and, must we not even admit

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his touch of fanaticism—he never loses respect for the older past, and so comes one day to write for us in the most generous spirit the tale of another abbey. For he, Carlyle, is Jocelyn of Brakelonde as truly as he is Teufelsdröckh; and as the latter tells us of his duckling and bejan days at Ecclefechan under the slender disguise of Entepfuhl, so the former in *Past and Present* has lit up for us the English Abbey, the figure of its good abbot, with the lamp which he had first seen glowing beyond three hostile centuries in Lothian.

In this way, then, we see something of how Carlyle's early homes and haunts helped to mould and form the future historian; and in his further education, in his philosophic development and awakening, in his maturer work we may continue to trace the influence of his changing environment. And this may be done with at least some fair approach to certainty; for Carlyle was not the man to have translated the three long volumes of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* had he not himself felt and known the formative influence of places and realized in his own case, as in that of his heroes', the significance to manhood of youth and its wander-years.

P. Geddes.

## AS IT HAPPENED.

### BOOK VI.

#### CRISIS.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### MISSING.

Tuesday dawned, another brilliant day; by noon a rumor had run the length of the Rock; it was known for a certainty at the Land Port, for the sentries there had been questioned; 'twas known at the Water Port, where the crews of the guard-boats had been interrogated; it was the talk of the South Port and the Ragged Staff and the

Mole, of the Highlanders in the casemates of the King's Bastion, and of every battery along the curtain. It was buzzed in each camp, barrack, and quarters, from Europa Point to the new galleries along the North Front, that Colonel Justin of the 12th Foot was missing.

To most of those who heard the news the man was but a name, albeit to gentlemen bearing His Majesty's com-

mission it was a name that had begun to sound well. To the officers of his regiment the missing man was already a valued and popular commandant, and the tidings were received with incredulous concern.

In the little house in Prince Frederic Street there were tears.

But among the Hardenbergs was the secret, dark glee of men who have scored at last—not wholly, perhaps, as they would have ordered the matter, not precisely according to rule, maybe, but who have scored.

Their C.O., fat, old, and incompetent, knew nothing and said as much as he knew. Of their two majors, one had been drunk for twenty-four hours, and was, for the moment, the most popular man in the regiment; but, for the rest, from the officers' mess down to the drums, the Hardenbergs were as one man in support of their thesis—Colonel Justin had deserted.

Which was absurd.

The rumor reached Governor Sir George Elliott at the Convent, studying the morning states of the corps under his command. A sudden and strict man was Governor Elliott; he put two and two together and pounced promptly. Major Boyle of the Hardenbergs was taken from his bed and placed under close arrest in the cells beneath the Court House; his quarters were sealed up and double sentries posted at the door.

Search of the strictest began high and low; interrogations also; testimony trickled in.

So Tuesday's sun rode the heavens, baked the waterless ledges of the Eastern Face, searched the prickly terraces of the western slope, saw what he saw, and sunk to his bed seaward. And still Mrs. Hollinghurst's tears fell, and still no tidings of lost Colonel Justin.

Wednesday was another dazzling blue day. Men searched still, but with less enthusiasm. As the heat grew,

the sentries felt faint upon their beats. All nature slept under it, save, as the lookout at the Signal Station noticed, the eagles of the Eastern Face, which seemed unusually restless, constantly upon the move.

After morning parade the court-martial met in the Court House; it was composed of officers of all arms and ranks, drawn from every corps save the two regiments concerned.

Lieut-Gen. Boyd was President; under him sat Colonel Godwin of the Artillery; Lieut-Col. Cochrane of the 58th Foot; Colonel Green of H.M. Engineers; Major Kellett of the 39th Foot; Major Fancourt of the 56th Foot; Major Mackay of Lord M'Leod's regiment (H.M.73rd); Major Busch of Reden's Hanoverian regiment, and Major de Sélincourt of De la Motte's Hanoverian regiment; nine in all, for the gravity of the occasion called for a general court-martial.

The prisoner, no longer drunk, but as fresh as a rose (the man had a marvelous constitution and a high spirit), was brought into court accompanied by his "friend" (a time-honored fiction for a brother officer learned in the law of courts-martial).

Being charged with causing the death of the missing man, he repelled the charge with indignation. The President recorded a plea of "Not Guilty." In the pause which followed and whilst the quill was yet scratching, the Friend of the accused arose, demanding immediate acquittal upon the ground that there was not a tittle of testimony connecting the prisoner with the crime. Crime! he scouted the idea. Why crime? He submitted that there was no proof of the death of Colonel Justin. But, supposing that he were dead, there was not the shadow of a shade of reason to lay his death at the door of the accused.

He would have continued, but the



Court overruled the plea. There was evidence.

Men watching intently for signs saw the prisoner's eyelid flicker.

Testimony tending to show the existence of previous ill-will was admitted. (The ways of courts-martial are very wonderful.) The Governor's orderly deposed to watching a scuffle upon a flight of steps between the accused and the missing officer. "There was others present," added the witness, but was stopped by the Court. "Name no names, my man, if you please!" Most of the judges knew the story: to those who did not it was communicated in whispers behind the hands of the initiated. Mrs. Hollinghurst should be kept out of this, if possible. The fortnight's arrest was noted in connection with the alleged scuffle, which the prisoner indeed did not deny. Scuffle there had been none, but the only rebutting evidence would have been that of the women, uncertain at all times, dangerous at this; he *had* fingered his sword-hilt. No, he did not sufficiently believe in his danger to lose caste by dragging a woman into the matter, whom the Court, gentlemen all, desired to spare.

Ensign Chisholm of Lord M'Leod's regiment swore to having seen Colonel Justin, whom he knew well, pass the Highlanders' camp on the Monday morning, had followed him with his eye, and had seen him cross the ridge as if making for the Mediterranean Battery. He was carrying a book. He had not seen him return.

"That last is not evidence," remarked the prisoner's Friend. "Neither did any of the rest of us see him return; but he may very well have returned when we were not looking."

Chisholm had watched the accused take the same path twenty minutes later. He was carrying a parcel beneath his arm wrapped in a bandana similar to the one produced. Had

seen him come down the mountain carrying the same parcel, it might have been an hour later. He went up fast, he came down slowly, and rested twice.

Had he noticed anything unusual about the manner or appearance of the accused? He had observed that he was holding, or wearing, a white cloth or *hankey* over his chin. ("I do not possess such an article," interjected Boyle.)

Hearing on the previous day (Tuesday) that Colonel Justin was being sought for, he, Chisholm, had gone up to the ridge to "spy." (This use of the word was new to most of the Court, but Major Mackay interpreted.) Subsequently Chisholm had visited the Mediterranean Battery: had found there the book produced (*Connop on Field Fortification*, bearing the name of the missing man on the fly-leaf). Asked if he noticed anything unusual in the battery, he replied that he had found the soil between the guns disturbed as if by a struggle.

"Pure assumption! I must protest!" interposed the Friend.

Chisholm flashed a glance at the interrupter. "There wass the mair'rks o' twa disteenct boot-heels; a sma' ane', and a lairger."

There was a buzz of subdued whispering in Court. Elder men remarked the quiet, gawky Scottish lad as a fellow with an eye, also with a head, and thought he might go far.

Anything more? It appeared that Chisholm was only at the beginning of his discoveries. "'Twixt the guns, and at the fut o' the palrapet, I fand this, sir." He handed up a button embossed with the crown and regimental number of the prisoner's late regiment, the 41st. "And against the door o' the casement this" (a wad of paper, slightly singed).

The ruddy cheek of the accused perceptibly paled; the net seemed closing around him in most uncomfortable sort. He regretted too late the line of de-

fence. There was no cross-examination.

"Ensign Chisholm," said the President, "the Court commends ye for your prudence. Ye have given your evidence creditably."

These pieces of testimony were putting a different complexion upon the case, as any one could see. With this button in view the judges sent for the prisoner's kit, and meanwhile adjourned for luncheon.

Outside the building Chisholm's arm was touched by his friend Travis. "Chizzy, ye've a better head than I for a mountain; can ye put your hand upon a good dependable rope? I, too, have made a discovery."

The Court reassembled. The prisoner's kit included a uniform frock of the 41st regiment wanting one button. The button found by Ensign Chisholm matched those upon the garment in every respect.

The wad now came in for scrutiny at the hands of experts. It fitted the bore of the prisoner's pistols.

"It would fit fifty pistols, yours, mine, anybody's!" interjected the Friend. "The thing may well have been lying where it was found for months, for years."

The Major of Lord M'Leod's Highlanders was unrolling the wad, was straightening and patting the paper out.

"It canna weel ha' bin lying there a *wik*, ma dear sir; it is a *nottis* o' some sort; ha! this is evidence; General, I mak' it o'er to yersel'!" he handed to the President a crumpled and singed fragment of a play-bill, in German, the cast of certain private theatricals which had beguiled the enforced seclusion of the Hardenbergs within the past fortnight. Again that soft buzz of irrepressible whispers and the escaping of pent breaths filled the court.

What of the pistols? One only of the pair was loaded, its fellow seemed to

have been recently discharged, for the grime of powder was discernible in pan and barrel. To have left such a weapon uncleaned for more than a day was a dereliction to shake the head over; it called for explanation in itself. For the pistols were worth a day's journey to handle, and were passed reverently around the Court from the President to the junior Major; and whoever touched them did so with the tenderness of an expert in an age when a man's life and honor might depend upon the quality of his personal weapon. The barrels bore the mark of Nicholas Biz of Madrid and were spirally twisted: the President judged them to be undoubted Spanish iron, forged from old mule-shoes. The locks were London-made, Joe Manton's latest action, fitted with platinum touch-holes and with pans plated with gold to prevent corrosion. No better work was turned out by the Versailles gunsmiths, said the President; the pair, he whispered, was worth anything from £400 to £500. But neither the blue gloss of the barrels, nor the perfect balance, nor the delicately light pull aroused such interest as the half-dozen or so of ivory insets, studding the dark walnut butts, each with its initial and date, grim mementoes of the slain.

The examination of the weapons consumed not less than five minutes; strictly speaking, there was very little about them that was admissible evidence, but the judges were practical persons in their profession rather than lawyers, and knew that a man does not carry such a parcel as this when out for a morning's walk *inside* the British lines without reason. The marks of recent use, the wad too, pointed in but one direction; but the pistols themselves, and especially the ivory insets, weighted the scale against the accused.

He saw that the thing was going against him. The net was tightening;

the fish grew uneasy. "Ye had better leave yourself in the hands of your Friend, sir, and reserve your defence," counselled the President in reply to some intemperate remark.

"And that, I think, General, is the case for the Crown," said the officer in charge of what we may call the prosecution.

The prisoner's Friend sorted his notes, cleared his throat and was rising, when a commotion at the door of the Court House made him turn his head. The day was hot. The place was crowded to suffocation, but persons outside were urgently demanding admission and would take no denial. "Aw'm a wutness, I tell ye: tak' ma name till the Pree-sident o' this Coort, o' twull be the waur for ye!"

"If that be Ensign Chisholm, admit him," sounded the voice of authority, and two youngsters, Chisholm of the 73rd, and Travis of the 12th, were passed with difficulty to the table. The uniforms of both were in disorder; they were heated, and weighted with the gravity of the evidence they had come in haste to offer. A wide-crowned, peaked cap, such as was worn at the time by officers in undress, was placed in the hands of the President; it was pierced with two bullet-holes. Eyes rounded, the packed room held breath to hear the better.

"From a bush *below* the Mediterranean Battery?" echoed the President incredulously.

"Fifty-seven fit, General; wull it please ye to mee-sure the tow?"

"But 'tis admittedly inaccessible. How got ye there?"

"I let him down on a rope, General; belayed it around the chase of a gun," corroborated Lieutenant Travis, rising with hand to brow.

"Swear that gentleman, too," said the President. "This grows serious indeed."

"His name is on the lining," observed

an officer to whom the cap had been handed.

"This rammer will just pass the holes," remarked another.

"Are there any marks of blood or brains?" asked the Friend, rising after a hurried colloquy with his client.

There were neither; but the point was ignored, the evidence being sufficiently conclusive as it stood.

The defence was a fiasco. The prisoner's Friend was visibly disconcerted. In the face of the evidence it was needful to change front somewhat, to admit that his man had visited the battery (had not merely gone to the top "for the view" as previously suggested). That he had gone armed was also admitted, "to practise at a mark," the Court was assured. That the men had met within the narrow limits of that lonely work was conceded, and that the cap of the missing man had been pierced by a bullet from the pistol of the accused.

"But," cried the prisoner, putting his Friend aside, and addressing the Court with passionate energy, "I assure ye, gentlemen all, 'twas the mee-rust accident, the slipping of a hair-trigger, no more, and sorra wan morsel of har'm done. I lift the Meejor in perfect health, and indade, I have no reason at all to suppose him in worse at this moment. And this I swear upon the true faith of a Christian."

They heard him out to the last word that he could urge, heard him with the grim patience of judges whose minds are made up. How ill did this belated candor accord with his counsel's opening statement!

The removal of the prisoner in custody and the clearing of the court were matters of form. In less than fifteen minutes the room was filled again. All eyes were riveted upon the table whereon lay the sword of the accused, no longer placed athwart the green cloth in a position of non-committal, but with

its hilt now to the seat of the President and its point directed to the dock.

"Prisoner," said General Boyd, in the short, choppy tones of a man doing in public a thing which he is unused to do, and which he hates, "Prisoner—Cornelius Boyle—this Court finds you guilty of the wilful and premeditated murder of Lieutenant-Colonel Wade Justin. The sentence is death. You will be taken——"

"But the man is *alive*!" shouted the condemned man, leaping to his feet with a strident laugh.

"Silence, sir. We have taken into consideration the fact that the body of your unfortunate victim has not been found. We are going to extend to you a most unusual consideration. The execution of the sentence will be postponed for one week, dating from the hour at which the deceased was last seen alive. If he can be produced in good health before Monday next at nine in the forenoon this affair will assume another complexion. Remove the prisoner."

"Gentlemen, I thank ye! I'm not a did man yet; nor is Justin," said the condemned man, saluting, and turned left-half-face to precede his guard.

"A brave fellow, but a bad man," growled the President, a sentiment in which every member of the Court concurred.

So Wednesday's sun sloped towards the west; cool blue shadows gathered upon the aching yellow stone of the Eastern Face, broadening, blackening; then night fell. There would be four more days.

Thursday broke cool and dewy with a thin haze over the Straits. Men foretold a broiling day later on, but the weather suddenly grew thick and some rain fell, a Levanter with heavy wet whilst it lasted, or this story had never been written.

Under cover of the downfall a Catalan Bay craft attempted to get round

with a load of fresh-caught fish, was overhauled by the same Spanish galley, and carried a prize to Algeciras under the eyes of a British squadron careening to clean ship.

Boyle in his condemned cell read a novel and yawned. The thing was too damnably absurd. Appeal to the Governor? Not he! He had a crow to pick with Sir George already, and would not for the world spoil sport. This should be the talk of London yet, and the laugh was going to be his. Justin would be found before the day was out. "Mark me, sir! the fellow will come home to-day, alive and *mad*! 'Tis the frenzy of a runaway lunatic; a touch of sun; no more."

His mess sent him presents of wine and made dishes; his visitors reported him in the highest of spirits. Some shook their heads; 'twas plain that the man did not dare to face the position.

It was remembered afterwards that the sergeant on duty at the Signal Station had been diverted this day by the antics of a party of monkeys, which, after much reconnoitring and chattering upon the rugged cliff beneath the Mediterranean Battery, trooped away in a body from that part of their haunt.

Thursday night set in early with a drizzle of fine rain falling. There was no news of lost Colonel Justin.

## CHAPTER X.

### SUSPENSE.

Long before sunrise on the Thursday Mrs. Lamb's woman Painter was up and dusting her mistress's little morning room. Before sunrise, I have said; for it would be hours before the sun, already white and softly warm upon the Eastern Face, would climb the mountain and peep down into dark, narrow Prince Frederic Street and the *patio* of the little Spanish house.

It was still dusk in the small back room. Mrs. Lamb, a thrifty housewife, used up her candle-ends person-

ally; Painter, her maid-of-all-work (the term "general" is modern, and would have involved misunderstanding in a garrison town)—Painter, I say, retired and rose in the dark and did early chores such as these by sense of touch. She was working her way along the mantelshef, grumbling softly to herself, her back to the door which she did not see opening slowly.

"Good-morning to ye, Mrs. Painter."

The woman started as if she had heard a spirit; there stood her mistress's elder guest, red-eyed and pathetically weary after a sleepless night, but dressed for walking.

"Y-yes, 'm! Lord, how ye made me jump!" panted Painter.

"I am sorry to have startled ye, Painter; I wanted—I wondered if ye could do a little thing for me. Your mistress is still sleeping?"

"Bless ye, yes, ma'am. She do sleep like a top. Hear her!"

Thus directed, the ears of Mrs. Hollinghurst recognized soft rhythmical nasal vibrations purring down through the boards overhead.

"Will Mrs. Lamb be needing ye for half an hour, d'ye think?"

"Lor' bless ye, no, ma'am. She'll not turn upon her side until I takes her in her cup o' tay and draws the shutter-bolt. 'Tis a gift she've got, a perfect gift! What can I do for ye, ma'am?"

"I—I have eaten but poorly these last two days, Painter."

"Y'ave indeed, ma'am; ye have picked no more than a cage-bird. Is there 'any little one thing ye could fancy?"

"I was thinking of fish, Painter; I confess I am partial to fish. If——"

"Ah, there ye beat me, ma'am. Our regular man, Célestin, has not called for days, and doubtless ye know why?"

It appeared that Mrs. Hollinghurst knew all about the Spanish galley and the stoppage of the supplies of wrasse and rock cod.

"But I fancied, Painter, that if we got early to the market there was just a chance——"

"So there be, ma'am, and I'll run along myself. No need for ye to set foot out of door at this time o' the morning."

But this was no part of Mrs. Hollinghurst's plan, and the serving-woman presently found herself escorting her mistress's guest through the empty streets towards the Water Port, a large and tolerant pity in her wondering bosom.

The two had not reached the first corner when they caught the patter of swift, light feet behind them, and Sue was of their party. "I overheard—I guessed—I know! You will let me join you, Julia dear?"

Célestin Mistral had been born a subject of The Most Catholic King, but his native language was not Spanish, nor was he a Spaniard. Provençal was the speech he had learned at his mother's knee; he was a slighter, more wiry, finer type than the Ibernian, for he was a Catalan, the best boatman of the little colony of his countrymen on the Eastern Face of Gibraltar.

Seeing the women approach he removed the cigar he was smoking, doffed his red woollen *beret* and arose, asking their pleasure in passable English.

"Have ye no fish?" began the maid, but the man swept his hands expressively in the direction of his empty stall and shrugged lean square shoulders. No need for words.

"I know—I know," broke in the elder lady, coming forward (she had been standing half behind her companion, her hood about her cheeks; now she parted its folds with both hands and looked the bronzed fisherman full in the face as though she would assure herself of his capacity before opening her business). "It is not a question of fish to-day, my man. Where is your boat?"

"Moored at the Water Port, ma-dam: but——"

"But I want you to put to sea for me——"

"A hard matter, ma-dam, for there is no wind."

"You can row?"

"So can those others, ma-dam, eight on a side, sweeps, and a swivel-gun forward. Ma-dam will understand that I do not desire to die in the chain-gang at Algeçiras. And for why, ma-dam, if it is not a question of fish?"

"Man, have you not heard of this murder? of the King's officer who was killed on Monday and thrown over the cliff (so they say), at the little battery at the top of the Rock at the other end?" The lady's voice had a sweet tremor in it—she was fighting an impulse to break down; the man, a gentleman, straightened himself, stood to attention in the presence of grief, and passion, and beauty; dropped the cigar with which he had been comforting an empty stomach, and waited.

"The—the body has not been found, my man. He, Colonel Justin, was a friend of mine. I want—I should like—I do not yet believe—but, if you could recover the body I would reward you. Yes, I know all about this *guarda costa*, but a sailor must always run his risks; is not that so? And they say you are the best boatman on the Rock. Is not that so, too? Well, I will give you twenty dollars now, just to show you that I am in earnest, and two hundred more when you bring in the body"—a sob. "But I do not believe that my friend is dead"—her voice broke into a pitiful whimper—"a thousand for him alive!" She covered her face and wept softly within her hood, her body shaking with the weakness of grief and fasting. The woman beside her watched for a fall. Sue flung an arm about her, but there was to be no fainting to-day; she was too desperately set upon her quest, and

this sailorman had not yet replied.

He hesitated, shrugging those lean shoulders again, weighing the bag of dollars tentatively in his hand, for he had by no means determined to accept them. The risk was real and great, far greater than the ladies realized. Mistral knew what sort of mercy a Catalan prisoner of war might expect from his Spanish captors, and shrunk from the prospect of being penned at night in a stifling barracoon and beaten all day in the trenches, chained to his spade between Jews, Moors, and the worst characters of the camp. And for twenty dollars! As for the larger sums mentioned, he hardly took them into consideration: the recovery of the body was an off-chance; whilst to bring again a living man after all these days, a man who had been shot and flung over a cliff, too—such would be a miracle. All things are possible to the good God, but He does not see fit in these last days to work the miracle, not even for true Christians; and these, with all their bounty, were heretics. No.

When a man has reached this point twenty dollars are neither here nor there. Célestin Mistral, empty stomach and all, would play for safety, and bowing sedately and low, returned the money. "There was no wind, nor sign of wind. His boat was heavy; he must have a second hand in her, and he knew of none who would join in such an adventure. No."

Very sadly and reluctantly the money was retaken, and the women went. Sue lingered, turning upon the man her sad, imploring, magnificent eyes. "Man, if there should be a wind"—she loosened a golden brooch from her throat, the most valuable jewel which she possessed; she had snatched it, the first thing that came to her hand, when she found the others were leaving the house without her—"Man, if a wind should spring up, will you try? Oh,



will ye just try? He, the dear Colonel, is alive, we know it, we feel it here": her little hand pressed her heart, her loosened dress fell open, the brown southerner had a momentary glimpse of a throat and bosom of a wonderful whiteness, the glory of womanhood. His eyes snapped, he fell upon one knee, and catching the hand that held the brooch, kissed it as he would have kissed some authentic relic.

"Ma-dam, by the grace of God I will bring the gen-tel-man to you alive." He shook a lean, impressive forefinger at her in token of his conviction.

The jewel shone in the brown paw he extended. The lady turned to go. "Bless you! Oh, God bless you!"

But Thursday warmed to fiery noon, and cooled slowly off as the sun weakened. And the calm held; the vanes boxed the compass, sails in harbor hung slack from motionless yards. Célestin bethought him of the promised dollars; none knew the set of the currents around Europa Point so well as he, or where a body that had plunged deep and risen slowly might be found after five days' drifting, but he bethought him likewise of that armed galley, and waited for a wind.

Friday passed slowly in the little Spanish house in Prince Frederic Street. Mrs. Hollinghurst forced herself to labor at her friend's dress, but her heart was no longer in it, she was often slipping off to her room; the others could hear the murmur of praying lips; Painter made cup after cup of tea for the poor creature.

"Oh, my dears, it maddens me. How can a body's heart bear it? No, don't speak to me, Susan! I'll not be spoken to, nor looked at. Ye've no heart—girls have none. How should they? Ye don't know how I feel." She flung herself upon the settle, and gave way to a storm of weeping.

Susan set her work down, gathered the weeping woman into her arms and

buried her own face in her friend's hair. Their hot tears mingled.

"What are ye whispering?—*Hope*? There's none. Murdered men don't come back. Your young Chisholm—and what has he to say? Oh, he has writ ye, has he? Well, ye may as well read his rubbish, 'twill pass the time.

Sue read:

*"Written from the King's Bastion, where we are quartered, July 31, 1779.*

*"To Mrs. Tighe, at Mrs. Lamb's, Prince Frederic St.*

"Honored Madam,

"I am persuaded ye will pardon these. I have just ane brief Word of Consolation for ye touching our absent Friend. You may recall that I saw baith the two Gentlemen, Colonel Justin and the *Other*, pass me on their way up to the Battery, and that I beheld the *Other* (aforesaid) return by his lane. As I deponed to the Court in my Evidens, I destinckly saw the *Other* on baith Journeys holding (or wearing) a white Mouchoir to his Mouth. And this is my perfect Belief, though rebutted in Court. This Rebutment gave me to think a wee, and looking later upon the *Other* whilst the Colonel President was delivering Sentence, I saw that the *White Thing* was then upon his Face, but that it covered the Neb, of him and indeed all save the Eyes. Then whilst I looked it was gane. Now, Madam, I was never held to have the Second Sight by any of my ain People, but it is most plain to me that I haf it now, and that the *Other* is a Dead Man. But, as ye will see, *per contra*, our absent Friend can be neither dead nor dying, for his Face was most particularly free when last obsairved by

"Your most humble, most devottit, and most obedt. Servant,

*"John Chisholm,*

*"Ensign in the 73rd regiment (Lord M'Leod's)."*

"Now, what think ye of that, my dear Mrs. Hollinghurst?"

"La, child; if the poor Colonel be not dead, in what danger is the other? 'Tis

just the rigmarole of a superstitious Highland savage."

"And that it is *not*, and he is *not*!" flashed Susan, springing away from her peevish friend and shaking her skirts briskly as though vexed with them for their contact with so unreasonable a person.

"Children, do have done," cried Mrs. Lamb, smiling tolerantly upon both.

"And to think of our meek little Susan sparking up in defence of a strange young man!" For Sue had fled. The ladies looked archly upon one another, the sorrowing Hollinghurst through tears which she forgot for a moment. "Why, Julia, she set at ye like a gamecock! What is this? Pray God, this Scots lad be a good heart! He seems it; and the Colonel—I mean Mr. Travis—is fond of him."

The door reopened. Sue slipped shyly in and dropped upon her knees beside the widow. "Mrs. Hollinghurst, Julia, dear, forgive me! I did wrong to fly out at ye, and you so good to poor me. God knows ye've enough to bear without my tempers."

Night came at last, a night of thick, soft, heated darkness, for the moon was at the full, and consequently upon the other side of the Rock until midnight or so. By three in the morning (the Saturday morning) it shone against the half-closed shutter of Mrs. Lamb's chamber, a broad plank of silver lay across the floor.

The good lady slept the sleep of a just woman; her slumber was at its deepest. Something moved outside the door, the latch clicked and rose, somebody was within the room, but the sleeper stirred not: the intruder crept closer, closer, to the dark margin of that shining plank. The sleeper sat up, still asleep. "Who is it?" she asked thickly, automatically, with closed eyes, and would have lain down again; but with a rush something was upon her. Her heart stopped, she drew breath

for the shriek, but found that the creature was a warm, live, tender-breasted woman. Julia was weeping in her arms.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Lamb! Oh, I can bear it no longer. He is not dead, I am sure of it!"

"So am I, my dear; why should he be dead, indeed?"

"No, don't put me off with your fibs, you kind heart; I am not a child. *You* think he was killed by that wretch; so did I until a minute ago. Oh, I have passed a night! Sometimes I could have watched that man tortured; oh, I am a cruel thing, my dear—a wicked, cruel thing! Then, again for an hour or two I could forgive him, actually forgive as I hope to be forgiven. But it didn't hold, I slipped back—back. And, just now, I think I dropped off; instantly I heard my dear speaking, no, not calling,—speaking slowly, quietly, with a drag in his voice as a sick man speaks who is dead weary. I was a long way off, you understand, but I pressed through things to reach him, and the voice grew plainer and nearer. '*I will not*,' he was saying, '*I—will—not!*' and again, '*For her sake*,' '*For her sake*,' over and over again. Now, you who are older, what make ye of that? Is he not struggling to live? And for me?"

And Sunday drew on, drew to a close, and no news of lost Colonel Justin.

The condemned man had finished his novel. He did not ask for another. The chaplain had called upon him again, had offered his services, had met with a civil refusal. The man showed astonishing nerve, stuck to his story; blamed, but forgave his legal friend for the tactical error of his defence; pardoned his judges; professed himself sure of the Governor's respite, repeating hardily, if with weakening conviction, his constant formula, "The fellow is as aloe as meself, I tell ye!"

On Sunday after sunset gun, his face—

fell. All day he had been reviewing his past life, a thing he had never done before; he had refought his battles and thoroughly enjoyed the flavor of bygone cakes and ale, and all the ginger that had been hot i' the mouth. But just as that sunset gun boomed a recurring flash of memory had shown him a dim, low-ceiled city room, a smirking woman, a shuffling priest and himself, around an innocent, affrighted girl, faced by a four-square frocked sailor-man who with lifted hand was saying: "This is the word of the Lord unto thee—as thee treats this here young woman, so shall He treat thee in thy hour of need." He had jeered at the warning then; he had never thought of it since; now it cast up at him, and his face fell.

But one more night upon earth was left to him. He summoned his jailor.

"Me frind, I am of the ould faith, Can ye get me a priest?"

The thing was irregular, but was winked at; it had been done before, for there were many Irishmen as well as a corps of Corsicans in the garrison.

Mr. Barrington, the music-master of George Augustus Street, late ('twas whispered) of Douai, was fetched.

"'Tis a black story this, me son. Have ye anny more of the sorrt? Be kaping nothing back, I adjure ye!"

"'Tis about all, Father. No, I have nothing ilse upon me mind, onless, in-dade, 'tis a thrifling matter of a wife that I have in Prince Frederic Street."

The confessor's forehead wrinkled; he would have something to say presently, but the facts first.

Out it all came, another evil tale, and the last of many. The listener's steady eye was fixed upon the narrator. At the story of the repudiation before the Governor the priest's mouth hardened.

"'Tis the jooce of a time ye'll be having in purgatory for this, ye blay-gyar'rd! H'whell! Did I iver hear such a confission in me loife? I doubt ut. Upon me sowl, ye are unfit to live, and that the Lord has plainly discovered. 'Tis my hooly belief that He is taking ye out of further mischuf. But as ye are sure that ye did not kill the Colonel (ye ar're sure?). H'well thin, we'll see what can be done for yez."

Later it was reported that the prisoner had made a clean breast of it. His mess denied it. He had slept well.

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

## HUMANISTIC EDUCATION WITHOUT LATIN.

The late Master of Balliol is said to have replied, in answer to a youthful seeker after truth, that he never argued with young atheists or habitual drunkards. If he had survived until the present day, he might perhaps have added "or with confirmed educationists." One does not expect to convince, in writing about education, one only hopes to enlist, or to ensnare, immature opinion. Perhaps one's opponents may say that neither does one intend to be convinced. But I venture to claim

that if I am to be found in the ranks of anti-classicists, it is not because I am an opponent of the classics. It would be, I believe, a very grave intellectual catastrophe if the study of Greek and Latin *by the right persons* were to be menaced in any way in this country. It is because I am convinced that these studies are not in the least in danger that I venture to protest against what I believe to be another grave intellectual disaster, namely, the study of the classics by the wrong persons, and their

continued preponderance in education. I hold, in fact, that their compulsory retention endangers their possibilities of right use in the future more than anything else. Moreover, I have no sort of animus against the classics. If education could extend over a period of twenty years, from seven to twenty-seven, instead of about fifteen years from seven to twenty-two, I should not feel as strongly as I do about the intellectual tyranny which prevails. Just now the controversy is perhaps unusually acute, because the position of Greek as a compulsory fence to the older Universities is decidedly less secure than it was. By a little-regarded piece of legislation, the University of Cambridge has made it possible for passmen, when they have once got through the Little-go, never to do another word of Greek for their degree; and the farce of keeping a subject compulsory for the entrance of passmen to a University, without requiring it to be studied after entrance, cannot surely be much longer maintained. But now that the position of Greek has been rendered so insecure by the pressure of public opinion, the anxiety has spread to Latin. It will be remembered in the Acts of the Apostles, Herod put St. James to death; "and when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also." Peter is felt to be in danger!

The fact which underlies the whole matter is the question of time. My own view briefly is that, for a considerable number of boys Latin is of no use unless it be studied very thoroughly; and that to study it thoroughly demands more time than can be allotted to it in the curriculum. It upsets the balance of studies, for the simple reason that within the last fifty years conditions have changed. The introduction of modern studies into the curriculum has become inevitable; and my belief is that if those studies are to be pursued

with any thoroughness there is not time for Latin to be studied too. I regard the classics as a difficult special subject, and I am now not speaking of classical specialists, of boys with literary and linguistic gifts, for whom I entirely desire the classics to be retained; but for the ordinary boy, conditions, as I said, have changed. The primary objects of education are twofold—to acquaint the young with the responsibilities of citizenship, and to render them practically efficient in the battle of life. An education which does not begin by fulfilling these requirements is simply not an education at all. One desires then that boys should arrive at some comprehension of the conditions of modern life, and of their own place in the world; and to do this some knowledge of science, of history, of geography, and of modern languages and literature is essential; they must also be prepared to earn a living, and to do this a real working knowledge of their own language, of simple mathematics, and of at least one modern language is, to say the least, highly desirable. This is a heavy programme, and it is certainly not at the present time adequately carried out. More time, and relief from the pressure of too many subjects, are admittedly required. Relief can only be obtained by sacrificing subjects, unless we are to rest content with a mere smattering. The relief that would be gained by the frank sacrifice of Latin would be enormous; and looking at the amount of ground that needs to be covered, I cannot see that anything else can be sacrificed. There is clearly not time for everything, and if it is a choice between studying remote and ancient conditions of life, and studying living and breathing facts and problems, I frankly say, let the older go.

Now to consider the case more in detail, the first reason for which a language ought to be studied is for the

sake of its literature; it seems to me absurd, on that ground, to dispense with Greek and to retain Latin. To put it briefly, the Greeks set their mark upon the world by their words, the Romans by their deeds. In the case of the Greeks, the important thing is to get in touch with their spirit and their ideas, and this can hardly be done except by a study of their literature. But the important thing to study in the case of the Romans is their political and military organization, and their effect on history; and this can perfectly well be approached without studying their literature. Moreover, there is very little Latin literature which is suitable for the instruction of boys. Virgil, of course, holds a sovereign station among poets, but he is a difficult writer. Horace, with his crisp maxims, his good-humored stoicism, his gentlemanly consolations for the troubles of life, has a remarkable affinity for the British mind, as the pages of Thackeray clearly show; but he cannot for a moment be ranked among the highest. Catullus is perhaps the greatest genius among Latin writers, but the body of his work suitable for youthful perusal is small. Ovid is a master of the art of verse which is literary rather than poetical. When we come to the prose-writers, we are worse off than ever. The charm of Livy as a romantic writer is great, but he is a very difficult author. Caesar is terribly dull. Cicero as an orator is forcible enough, but literary culture cannot be fed on oratory; and as a philosophical writer, he is the most relentless of twaddlers. If Latin prose is to be read by boys, it must be written by twentieth-century Englishmen, and there seems something artificial about that process. To recapitulate then, it can hardly be held that, if it is a question of literature, there is enough Latin literature of a high order to justify the devoting of so much time in the curri-

culum to the study of Latin. The reason must be sought elsewhere.

The second claim that is made for Latin, is, that it is so severely logical and exact a language in structure and usage, that a training in Latin is equivalent to a training in logical sequence of thought and the accurate use of words; it is alleged that a boy who has been thoroughly trained in Latin has been trained in such a way as to make it an easy matter to acquire any other language, and to use his own language efficiently and effectively. This claim I believe to be built upon an obstinate fallacy. It may possibly hold good with a high order of intelligences, but the one thing that an average boy does not learn is the application of the principles of one subject to the medium of another. To grasp principles in such a way as to be able to apply them independently of the terms with which they were primarily associated, means a very thorough grasp of those principles. It used to be said that Euclid taught boys logic; so it did in a sense, but it was only the logic of Euclid. The same sort of claim is constantly made for Latin prose. It may be true that, if a boy learned to construct sentences in Latin by expressing his own thoughts in Latin, he might be able to do the same in another language. That was the one advantage of the old system of Latin themes. But Latin prose is now only taught by a series of versions, and all that the average boy learns by doing Latin prose is to do Latin prose; and, as the results of examinations like the Little-go only too clearly prove, he learns even that accomplishment most inadequately. The method is partly to blame. Some gain might result from a process which consisted in fusing, so to speak, the meaning of a sentence or paragraph, and recasting it in a Latin form; but the ordinary boy does Latin prose, as a rule, like a mosaic; he finds the equivalent

of a word in a dictionary, and puts it with as little alteration as he dares into his poor patchwork; and the result is not Latin but Latinized English. Neither does the translation of Latin into English necessarily produce much mental discipline, partly because the same sort of mosaic system is employed, and partly because of the horrible scholastic dialect which is used, that semi-Biblical semi-grammatical patois, only applied in England to the purpose of translating the classics, which uses such words as "forsooth" and "offspring," and such phrases as "it irks me," and "having waged war," and "there are who," and "meet to be warned." I am not here decrying the practice of translation or of composition; but I do not think that the ordinary boy should attempt it except in one or, at the very most, two languages other than his own, and I believe that it is far more profitably done in languages where his vocabulary is larger and more flexible, where the whole atmosphere is more consonant with his own thought, and where the ideas and objects described are more familiar. How many boys, who have learnt Latin for several hours a week for ten years, could describe the most ordinary incident in grammatical or intelligible Latin? It may be urged that neither could they do it in French. But that is partly because much less time has been devoted to French, and still more because their time has been devoted to acquiring the elements of two languages, when they might have attained the mastery of one.

As to the claim that Latin trains a boy in logical thought and the use of his own language, I have made a careful study of this point of late. I have done for some years the essay work of the history men of my college. As far as the use of English goes, I have no doubt at all that, apart from special aptitude, the men who have been edu-

cated on modern lines use English with more flexibility than the classical men. The latter seem to me to write as a rule in rather a stiff and crabbed style, traceable, I believe, to the habitual use of the infamous dialect to which I have already alluded. While, as for logical sequence of thought and the power of accumulating and arranging ideas, I can find very little marked difference, though my experience is that classically educated boys are slightly inferior. They ought, of course, if the claims made for the classics are to be substantiated, to be superior; but they have all alike done some Latin; and what strikes me about all alike is how little comprehension they have of anything like logical structure and the orderly sequence of simple thought; and I would add that most of them acquire it with considerable rapidity, when their attention is once directed to it. From which I am inclined to infer that our linguistic method does not greatly tend to the development of logical thought, for the simple reason that it is too mechanical, in the first place, and that, in the second place, the pressure of subjects degrades it all into elementary work, and defeats the possibility of expansion and progress. And this leads me to say that I believe that there is no greater fallacy than the claim which is made by classical teachers that, if the classical method does not tend to direct efficiency, it at least produces ultimate efficiency, by making of the mind a well-equipped instrument for the quick and accurate apprehension of any subject. How this claim is seriously persisted in, passes my comprehension. Very few classically educated boys have any real grasp even of the classics, and how the imperfect assimilation and faltering grasp of a subject, to which the best educational years of life have been sacrificed, is to produce swift intuition and unflinching precision in subjects which have



not been taught, I cannot see. It is like the consolation, so liberally applied by pious and inefficient persons to their own failures, that because success is not inconsistent with low morality, failure is therefore a proof of high-mindedness. The plain truth is that boys as a rule will only learn what they are taught; and failure in a difficult subject is not a guarantee that the process is equipping them for success in easier subjects, which they might have mastered if they had only been taught them sensibly and thoroughly.

The fact is that the classics afford an excellent and unsurpassed medium for training boys of linguistic and literary ability, whose work is to lie in the effective literary use of words; but we ought not to conclude that they are therefore a good medium for training boys who will never have to use language except for mechanical purposes, and who may possibly attain to some slight appreciation of literature, but will certainly never be able to practise it forensically or technically.

I now pass to a further point. It is claimed that Latin is a useful subject, because of the large share that it has in the substance of most of the European languages, including our own. It is maintained that a close acquaintance with Latin teaches boys the meaning and derivation of many words common to many modern languages. To this I would in the first place reply that if the object of it is to make the acquisition of modern languages easier, why not go direct at the ultimate object, instead of round a corner? After all, it may be interesting enough to know what the Latin originals of words may be, but it is not essential. A boy who knew French thoroughly would as easily perceive the cognate and corresponding words in other languages. And then, too, it is a complicated matter. Take the case of our own language; the fact that strikes one at once,

in studying the connection of English with Latin, is to what a large extent the Latin words have shifted their meaning. In fact it is a rule of thumb with most schoolmasters to insist that when boys begin to construe Latin they are on no account to use the corresponding word in English, because it so seldom does correspond. Not to multiply instances, a boy has to learn that *differe* does not mean differ, and that *defero* does not mean defer, that *obtinco* does not mean obtain, and that *prævenio* does not mean prevent. No doubt it gives philosophical insight into the laws of language to see how these changes came about, but can we afford the time for such leisurely processes, when the world teems with knowledge of places, of events, of personalities, that must be acquired by any mind that is to be alert and effective? I should value the claim more highly, if classical teachers were equally insistent that boys should learn something of the other origins of our own complex language; but while it seems to be of vast importance that Latin derivations should be mastered, is it entirely unimportant that Anglo-Saxon elements should be acquired? How many boys are there—or men for that matter—who know that the words hall, heal, hale, whole, holy, not to speak of such important words as halibut and halidom, have one and the same derivation? I have often heard classical teachers speak with disgust of erudite editions of English classics for school use which are loaded with simillar information. Yet these are the very things that are thought to be valuable in classical study, and intellectually devastating when applied to our own literature. The real truth is that all these things might be taught in one subject, if the curriculum could be lightened, and taught so as to exercise and stimulate. But they cannot be taught all along the

line. And the further truth which underlies all these attempts to maintain the present curriculum are little more than the desperate efforts of idealists to justify their idealism on practical grounds; whereas the sad conclusion that the impartial observer draws from the situation is, that, while the idealistic system has failed on practical grounds, it has not succeeded on idealistic grounds; and that between the five or six stools busily congregated for the "leisurely sweet session" of the tender pupil, the victim collapses, as Humpty Dumpty collapsed, and no resuscitation of the fragments is possible.

In conclusion I would say that I do not think that the displacement of Latin from its position as an integral part of the curriculum has yet become quite a practical question. Latin will continue to hold its own for a time, but by virtue, I believe, of tradition and usage rather than by its own merit.

The Cornhill Magazine.

(The substance of an address delivered at the meeting of the Modern Language Association at Cambridge on January 8, 1910.)

its. The reasons that are held to justify its retention are cumulative rather than direct. Dr. Johnson said once, with stern common-sense, that no number of inadequate reasons ever constituted an adequate one, just as no number of rabbits could ever constitute a horse. And my own belief is that, while simplification continues to be the one crying necessity of the curriculum, no subject can be considered secure unless the reasons for its retention are very direct and obvious indeed. What is now needed is a well-thought-out and rational scheme for adjusting the rival claims of various subjects; but in framing it, the all-important axiom must be kept in view, that no scheme of education can be called truly humanistic that is not based upon development rather than upon tradition, and that does not rank the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future higher than the claims of the past, however august and venerable those claims may be.

Arthur C. Benson.

### JAPANESE POETRY. \*

The claim of Japan to possess civilization has been but slowly and grudgingly admitted by the Western world. Now that on battlefields marked by slaughter on a vast scale she has defeated a great European Power, the peoples of Europe have grown less critical of her credentials, and incline to surmise that, after all, this singular nation, secluded for so long from the rest of the world, may be only a little behind themselves in refinement and humanity. We have already begun to take a different and more serious view of the art of Japan than that which prevailed a decade or two ago; and now

even her poetry may come to be studied with respect. Not that this poetry is likely to set new currents flowing in our own literature; for, truth to tell, the genius of Japan has shown far less power and vitality in letters than in painting. All the finest poetry of the Japanese, like their finest sculpture, belongs to a quite early period. As to what causes produced the decay of vigor which set in after the 13th century scholars are in dispute, and we need not now inquire. Let it suffice that there exists a large body of poetry from the classic periods; and happily it has been made possible for any one

\*"The Master-Singers of Japan." Verse Translations by Clara A. Walsh. (Murray. 2s. net.)

"A Hundred Verses from Old Japan: A Translation of the Hyaku-nin-issai." By W. N. Porter. Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Pilgrimage." By Yone Noguchi. Two vols. (Japan. The Valley Press, Kamakura. London: Elkin Mathews. 8s. net.)

"The Crown Imperial." By Unkichi Kawai. Two volumes. (Tokio: Maru-yama-Sha. London: Kegan Paul.)

with a little patience and good will to form at least some idea of its essential qualities. For it is over forty years since English editions and translations of Japanese classics began to appear. The Professorship of Japanese in Tokio University has been held with distinction by an Englishman, Mr. Basil Chamberlain; and his "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," taken together with Mr. Dickins's fuller publication of Romanized text and literal translations from the same classics, with learned notes and introductions, makes an excellent foundation for study. By availing himself further of the labors of such interpreters as Aston MacCauley, de Rosny, and Florenz, the European reader has plenty of material. And now, in more popular form, comes an anthology of versions by Miss Walsh—one of the cheap and convenient "Wisdom of the East" series—and a translation by Mr. Porter of the *Hyaku-nin-isshu*, or Hundred Lyrics of a hundred poets. This latter volume is the third complete English version in metre of this 13th century anthology, though a more baffling undertaking could hardly be attempted.

But translators are bold men. The impossible attracts them, as fire attracts the moth. It is the least translatable poets who are always being translated. The difficulty of rendering Dante or Heine or Horace is as nothing compared with the difficulty of rendering a Japanese poem, more especially if it be one from the classic anthologies. There are no long poems in Japanese; those which are called "long poems," *naga-uta*, we should call short; and the typical form is a stanza of five lines in two movements, something like a miniature sonnet. The translator, therefore, has no room to move in freely, no scope for happy compensations. He must be concise before all things. Yet it is not only conciseness that is needed. The Japanese poet

aims at brevity and suggestiveness; but at suggestiveness even more than brevity. It is not, really, a question of "carving cherry-stones," as some have told us; it is not the fine chiselling to which Latin lends itself so aptly, and which a master of English may sometimes succeed in reproducing. The translator may make never so cunning a mosaic, but his art is vain if the deft phrasing tie down the airy thought. For the conciseness of the Japanese language is quite other than the conciseness of any European tongue. The meaning depends not on the weight or point of the things said so much as on what is left unsaid. A literal translation of one of these five-lined stanzas would read much like a telegram; all superfluities are omitted. We know what perplexities economy produces in telegrams; but the economy practised by the poet of Japan is put to the fine uses of suggestion. The genius of the language is such that it sacrifices quite naturally the logical filling-up of sentences which European tongues require. There is a loss in precision, but a gain in atmosphere. Moreover, Japanese has a great number of words of identical sound but different meaning; and this peculiarity is made much use of, to give effects as of "shot" color to the texture of the verse.

There is an old poem, which we must suppose to be put into the mouth of a girl who has been dusting room and window in the early morning. She has swept the transparent paper shutter clean of every speck. "And now, look, how beautiful the shadow of the pine-tree without!" But instead of even this simple exclamation the poet contents himself with saying merely "Pine-tree shadow." To the English reader the theme may seem trivial, the little poem no more than a childish prettiness such as he has been taught to associate with the Japanese. But when we realize what the lines are

meant to suggest, what ideas are implied in it—the ideas derived from Lao-tzu and absorbed into Zen Buddhism, of the necessity of purification, of sweeping from the mind all dust of prejudice, convention, and worldliness, in order to receive in its integrity the pure image of beauty—when we have grasped these fundamental associations, we shall be less quick, perhaps, to talk of prettiness and triviality. It is to such a world of thought and reverie that the poet seeks to lead us, just opening a door that gives a glimpse of far horizons; or we may say that the poem is like a drop of wine in a bowl of water, coloring the mind even after it is itself forgotten; or like the perfume of a flower remaining when the flower is dead. "The power of poetry," says Coleridge, "is by a single word, perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind which compels the imagination to produce the picture." The sentence applies peculiarly to the genius of this Eastern verse.

It is obvious that a translator of such poems is at a hopeless disadvantage. He may achieve that ideal of fulness in slightness which the originals demand, but the hinted thought will not be completed, the seed will not come to flower, in alien and unprepared minds. Poetry which adopted and refined a form so slight and so compressed could only have flourished in a society breathing a common mental atmosphere. It could only rely on the reader's ready understanding and capacity to take up and expand the briefest hint, when the ideas out of which it was woven were an integral part of life. And, in fact, the poetry of Old Japan was exclusively the product of Court circles, devoted to literary pastimes. The eighth century, during which the great anthology called the *Manyōshū* was compiled, was the period of Japan's greatest poets, as it was of her grandest sculpture. Then flourished the twin stars,

Hitomaro and Akahito. A little later come Narihira and the most famous of the poetesses, the fair and frail Komachi. But it is to be noted that, as Mr. Chamberlain tells us, poetry is looked on as "more the production of an epoch than of an individual." No great defiant spirits revolting against their age confront us; no troubled movements and reactions. We find the same outlook on life, the same devotion of loyalty, persisting and unflinching. It seems to be all part of that solidarity which inheres in the race. And so this poetry is characterized by a sort of intellectual innocence, removed from the spiritual conflicts, the sense of wrong, the terrible angers and heart-searchings of the great Europeans. The joys and grief it celebrates are far simpler.

It is somewhat strange that the scholars to whom we are most indebted for English translations of, and commentaries on, the classic poetry of Japan, far from being over-enthusiastic about their chosen study, as we might well expect, are all rather prone to deprecate it. Mr. Dickins writes of "the insensibility of the Japanese mind to most of the beauty of nature, to all the beauty of the human form, and to nearly all the charm of human emotion." He is also careful to tell us that, in his opinion, the texts he has translated and annotated with so much care "cannot be said to be an addition to the world's poetry," though allowed to be a most interesting contribution to its verse. To us the sentence above quoted seems a very unfair exaggeration. What poetry in the world is without its special limitations? Even the Greeks had theirs. To certain aspects of beauty the Japanese mind is exquisitely sensitive. Indeed, there is a vein of imaginative feeling in these old poems of faraway Japan which we scarcely find in Europe till Wordsworth. We mean that mystical sense of a secret affinity between the life of

man and the life of nature, of trees and clouds, and flowers and mountains, which in Wordsworth was a constant inspiration. We think, for instance, of Michizane, the statesman, writing his farewell poem to the plum-tree in his garden as he departs into exile; a stanza we must go to the Greek anthology to match, if not for its sentiment, for its reticent and noble pathos—

When the spring breeze comes and passes, load her with perfume, O my plum-tree. Though thy master be far away, forget not thou to bloom!

Another poet describes how, wandering friendless and sad, he climbed a hill, and at the top of it found a solitary tree in flower, and a strange sense of companionship sprang up in him, as if in it there were an answering trouble and an answering consolation.

Mr. Aston has written of the "lack of imaginative power" in the Japanese. "They are slow," he says, "to endow inanimate objects with life." And he goes on to comment on the absence of all those personifications in which our poetry, and especially, it may be added, our bad poetry, abounds. But the truth is surely that the Japanese do not need to endow inanimate objects with life, simply because they do not conceive of them as inanimate; winds, waters, flowers, are felt to have a life of their own, though that life and the life of man share in one universal being. How rarely in the poetry of Europe do we find such a feeling for the pensive charm of a desolated landscape, contemplated for its own sake, as is expressed in these lines of a poet who flourished just before Dante:—

Out across the wave  
All is bare,  
Not a scarlet leaf,  
Not a flower there!  
Only over thatched huts falling brief  
Twilight and the lonely autumn air.

All through Japanese poetry we find, along with a deep sense of the evanescence of men and things—human life is compared to a boat setting out on the waters at dawn and leaving no trace behind—we find a reverential tenderness for what is most transitory and immaterial. Moonlight, snow, and blossom are the "three friends of the poet," whose desire is always to identify his spirit with beauty such as theirs, coming like the apparition of a soul in nature. "O that the white waves far out in the bay of Isé," cries one poet, "O that the white waves were flowers, that I might gather and offer them to my Beloved." "O that with this plum-branch," cries another. "I might offer thee the nightingale's song with which it quivered at dawn!"

Of purely human emotion, it is true, the range in this poetry is small. War, invective, satire, are unknown themes. The pathos of life, the longings, the joys, the regrets of love, these are endless material of song. But the sorrow of Hitomaro, most famous of the singers of Japan, for his lost wife can touch us still. He is picturing the funeral procession with its white banners winding across the moors:—

Slowly they take thee, who didst rise  
With the wild-fowl at break of dawn,  
And they must hide thee far away  
As sunset-hills hide out the day.  
Thy little son, a memory  
Of thy dear self, weeps bitter tears,  
And seeks for comfort in my arms.  
I fuddle him, to soothe his fears;  
But with a man's unskilful hand,  
Lacking the tender touch that  
cheers. . . .

We quote a fragment from Miss Walsh's translation. From her versions also we may take a cry from the heart of a later poet:—

Shall I forget thee?  
Not for that instant brief  
In which the lightning's blade  
Lights up each ear of grain,  
Each swaying stem and leaf. . . .

Again, when we read the lines of the lover who wrote "Were but thy hand lying in my hand, what matter though the words of men were thick as the grasses in the fields of summer?" we shall not complain of insensibility to the charm of human emotion; we shall be content to enjoy what we find rather than to complain of what we do not find. A special characteristic of Japanese poetry is its pictorial quality. One realizes that the art of painting is the dominant and typical art of the country. To suggest in a few words the light, the color, the perfume of a landscape is often the poet's sole aim. But we often find, too, comparisons of natural beauty with the creations of art. Keats suggests the richness of an embroidered coverlid by comparing it with "ripe October's faded marigolds"; but Narihira, famous, like Byron, for his beauty and his amours, likens the blue waters of the Tatsuta river, laced with the crimson of fallen maple-leaves, to some gorgeous old brocade.

Assuredly this poetry, in spite of its narrow range, has qualities of its own which will well reward those who will be at the pains to assimilate its atmosphere and the general ideas out of which it springs. Miss Walsh's volume will prove a pleasant introduction. Her renderings overflow the bounds of the original and use too many words; but musical cadences and happy phrases are frequent. Mr. Porter handicaps himself by importing a triple rhyme into the five-line stanzas of the Hundred Lyrics; and the delicate perfume of the poems, in any case almost impossible to recapture, is too often entirely lost. However, this translator does not aim at more than giving the substance of the original; and he prints the Japanese text opposite in Romanized form. Mr. MacCauley also gave the text, but with a word-for-word rendering as well as one in metre; and this is the most helpful way of all. Miss

Walsh's selections, arranged in rather haphazard fashion, bring us down to modern times. Lines by the present Emperor are translated. For although the great period passed so early, poetry-making has pervaded and still pervades the whole people. Perhaps a more hostile atmosphere might, as in Europe, have kindled the energies of these poets into more vigorous self-assertion.

And what of to-day, and to-morrow?

We cannot tell. But the two books of poems, written in English by Japanese, which have reached us, are very interesting documents. Mr. Unkichi Kawai has evidently read much in English literature, though his themes are entirely national, the longest effort being a moralized version of the old legend of Urashima. This is a considerable poem in blank verse, the movement of which recalls that of Sir Edwin Arnold's. We are sorry we cannot give a warmer welcome to Mr. Kawai's verse, for his attempt to interpret for us Occidentals the ideals of his own land is one which engages our sympathy. We prefer the prose in which he retells some old stories of China and Japan. With Mr. Yone Noguchi the case is different. We know him already as the author of a book published in London some seven years ago; but "The Pilgrimage" is decidedly an advance on "From the Eastern Sea." Mr. Noguchi writes a sort of *vers libre*, which, no doubt, suits the impressionism of his style, though the irregular cadences and loose form tend to weakness, admitting too easily the approximate phrase. His hit-or-miss effects are sometimes charming, sometimes absurd, though with the kind of happy absurdity found by Stevenson in Walt Whitman. That an Oriental should have but imperfect mastery of our tongue is not surprising; but Mr. Noguchi uses English in a bold way that proclaims his poetic temperament. He is fearless in transposing epithets;



and often strikes a telling note by using a word out of its strict meaning. One feels that he has tasted of Western life and thought, in England and in America; but if he sometimes recalls Whitman, it is by accident of affinity rather than by imitation, as when he says in parenthesis, "Morality begins, I am afraid, where I stop my song." Through all influences he remains Japanese; the West fades away as he comes back to the sights and sounds of Japan, to the snows of Fuji, and to the patient smile of the Great Buddha at Kamakura. And we find in his verse, with all its modern tone, the same attitude that we find in the old singers of his country, the same feeling of the impermanence of things, the same cherishing of elusive and transitory beauty. He listens to a bird's song, "not for the voice, but for the silence following after the song"; he adores, not love, but the memory of love. "Humanity's ruin and wound" is forgotten, "the fall of hope and the dust of love"; and the shiver of grass in the sun, the note of a bird, become in that mystic mood of more account than the dreams of human hearts. There is freshness in many of his images, as when he sees the opium-smokers "with bodies like a fallen pagoda," or catches a mood upon a face—

The Times.

When she folded her wings of smile  
Her beauty was melancholy gray.

Indeed, Mr. Noguchi's verse exhales so much of the spirit of Japan that his book might well be read as a sort of introduction to the classic poetry. One of his pieces is a rendering of an old Chinese poem; and he gives a few specimens of "hokku," the three-line stanzas which in recent centuries have absorbed so much of literary art:—

My Love's lengthened hair  
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate;  
Lo, Evening's shadow!

Examples like this make us wish that we had versions of some of the classics from the same pen. Mr. Noguchi is seldom quite felicitous through an entire poem. The following, which seems to suggest the title of the book, is more firmly touched than most:—

The mountain green at my right;  
The sunlight yellow at my left;  
The laughing winds pass between,

The river white at my left;  
The flowers red at my right;  
The laughing girls go between.

The clouds sail away at my right;  
The birds flap down at my left;  
The laughing moon appears between.

I turned left to the dale of poem;  
I turned right to the forest of Love;  
But I hurry Home by the road between.

## A LUCID INTERVAL.

### III.

When I opened my paper next morning I read two startling pieces of news. Lord Milross had been knocked down by a taxicab on his way home the night before, and was now in bed suffering from a bad shock and a bruised ankle. There was no cause for anxiety, said the report, but his lordship must keep his room for a week or two.

The second item, which filled lead-

ing articles and overflowed into "Political Notes," was Mr. Vennard's speech. The Secretary for India had gone down about eleven o'clock to the House, where an Indian debate was dragging out its slow length. He sat down on the Treasury Bench and took notes, and the House soon filled in anticipation of his reply. His "tail"—progressive young men like himself—were there in full strength, ready to cheer every syl-

lable which fell from their idol. Somewhere about half-past twelve he rose to wind up the debate, and the House was treated to an unparalleled sensation. He began with his critics, notably the unfortunate Simpson, and, pretty much in Westbury's language to the herald, called them silly old men who did not understand their silly old business. But it was the reasons he gave for this abuse which left his followers aghast. He attacked his critics not for being satraps and reactionaries, but because they had dared to talk second-rate Western politics in connection with India. "Have you lived for forty years with your eyes shut," he cried, "that you cannot see the difference between a Bengali, married at fifteen and worshipping a pantheon of savage gods, and the university-extension young Radical at home. There is a thousand years between them, and you dream of annihilating the centuries with a little dubious popular science!" Then he turned to the other critics of Indian administration—his quondam supporters. He analyzed the character of these "members for India" with a vigor and acumen which deprived them of speech. The East, he said, had had its revenge upon the West by making certain Englishmen babus. His honorable friends had the same slipshod minds, and they talked the same pigeon-English, as the patriots of Bengal. Then his mood changed, and he delivered a solemn warning against what he called "the treason begotten of restless vanity and proved incompetence." He sat down, leaving a House deeply impressed and horribly mystified.

"The Times" did not know what to make of it at all. In a weighty leader it welcomed Mr. Vennard's conversion, but hinted that with a convert's zeal he had slightly overstated his case. "The Daily Chronicle" talked of "nervous breakdown," and suggested

"kindly forgetfulness" as the best treatment. "The Daily News," in a spirited article called "The Great Betrayal," washed its hands of Mr. Vennard unless he donned the white sheet of the penitent. Later in the day I got "The Westminster Gazette," and found an ingenious leader which proved that the speech in no way conflicted with Liberal principles, and was capable of a quite ordinary explanation. Then I went to see Lady Caerlaverock.

I found my aunt almost in tears.

"What has happened?" she cried. "What have we done that we should be punished in this awful way? And to think that the blow fell in this house! Caerlaverock—we all—thought Mr. Vennard so strange last night, and Lady Lavinia told me that Mr. Cargill was perfectly horrible. I suppose it must be the heat and the strain of the session. And that poor Lord Mulross, who was always so wise, should be stricken down at this crisis!"

I did not say that I thought Mulross's accident a merciful dispensation. I was far more afraid of him than of all the others, for if with his reputation for sanity he chose to run amok, he would be taken seriously. He was better in bed than affixing a flea to Von Kladow's ear.

"Caerlaverock was with the Prime Minister this morning," my aunt went on. "He is going to make a statement in the Lords to-morrow to try to cover Mr. Vennard's folly. They are very anxious about what Mr. Cargill will do to-day. He is addressing the National Convention of Young Liberals at Oldham this afternoon, and though they have sent him a dozen telegrams they can get no answer. Caerlaverock went to Downing Street an hour ago to get news."

There was the sound of an electric brougham stopping in the square below, and we both listened with a premonition of disaster. A minute later

Caerlaverock entered the room, and with him the Prime Minister. The cheerful, eupeptic countenance of the latter was clouded with care. He shook hands dismally with my aunt, nodded to me, and flung himself down on a sofa.

"The worst has happened," Caerlaverock boomed solemnly. "Cargill has been incredibly and infamously silly." He tossed me an evening paper.

One glance convinced me that the Convention of Young Liberals had had a waking-up. Cargill had addressed them on what he called the true view of citizenship. He had dismissed manhood suffrage as an obsolete folly. The franchise, he maintained, should be narrowed and given only to citizens, and his definition of citizenship was military training combined with a fairly high standard of rates and taxes. I do not know how the Young Liberals received this creed, but it had no sort of success with the Prime Minister.

"We must disavow him," said Caerlaverock.

"He is too valuable a man to lose," said the Prime Minister. "We must hope that it is only a temporary aberration. I simply cannot spare him in the House."

"But this is flat treason."

"I know, I know. It is all too horrible, and utterly unexpected. But the situation wants delicate handling, my dear Caerlaverock. I see nothing for it but to give out that he was ill."

"Or drunk?" I suggested.

The Prime Minister shook his head sadly. "I fear it will be the same thing. What we call illness the ordinary man will interpret as intoxication. It is a most regrettable necessity, but we must face it."

The harassed leader rose, seized the evening paper, and departed as swiftly as he had come. "Remember, illness," were his parting words. "An old heart

trouble which is apt to affect the brain. His friends have always known about it."

I walked home, and looked in at the Club on my way. There I found Deloraine devouring a hearty tea and looking the picture of virtuous happiness.

"Well, this is tremendous news," I said, as I sat down beside him.

"What news?" he asked with a start.

"This row about Vennard and Cargill."

"O that! I haven't seen the papers to-day. What's it all about?" His tone was devoid of interest.

Then I knew that something of great private moment had happened to Tommy.

"I hope I may congratulate you," I said.

Deloraine beamed on me affectionately. "Thanks very much, old man. Things came all right quite suddenly, you know. We spent most of the time at the Alvanleys together, and this morning in the Park she accepted me. It will be in the papers next week, but we mean to keep it quiet for a day or two. However, it was your right to be told—and besides, you guessed."

I remember wondering, as I finished my walk home, whether there could not be some connection between the stroke of Providence which had driven three Cabinet Ministers demented and that gentler touch which had restored Miss Claudia Barriton to good sense and a reasonable marriage.

#### IV.

The next week was an epoch in my life. I seemed to live in the centre of a Mad Tea-party, where every one was convinced of the madness and yet resolutely protested that nothing had happened. The public events of those days were simple enough. While Lord Mulross's ankle approached convalescence, the hives of politics were

humming with rumors. Vennard's speech had dissolved his party into its parent elements, and the Opposition, as nonplussed as the Government, did not dare as yet to claim the recruit. Consequently he was left alone till he should see fit to take a further step. He refused to be interviewed, using blasphemous language about our free Press; and mercifully he showed no desire to make speeches. He went down to golf at Littlestone, and rarely showed himself in the House. The earnest young reformer seemed to have adopted not only the creed, but the habits, of his enemies.

Mr. Cargill's was a hard case. He returned from Oldham, delighted with himself and full of fight, to find awaiting him an urgent message from the Prime Minister. His chief was sympathetic and kindly. He had long noticed that the Home Secretary looked fagged and ill. There was no Home Office Bill very pressing, and his assistance in general debate could be dispensed with for a little. Let him take a fortnight's holiday—fish, golf, yacht—the Prime Minister was airily suggestive. In vain Mr. Cargill declared he was perfectly well. His chief gently but firmly overbore him, and insisted on sending him his own doctor. That eminent specialist, having been well coached, was vaguely alarming, and insisted on a change. Then Mr. Cargill began to suspect, and asked the Prime Minister point-blank if he objected to his Oldham speech. He was told that there was no objection—a little strong meat, perhaps, for Young Liberals, a little daring, but full of Mr. Cargill's old intellectual power. Mollified and reassured, the Home Secretary agreed to a week's absence, and departed for a little salmon-fishing in Scotland. His wife had meantime been taken into the affair, and privately assured by the Prime Minister that she would greatly ease the mind of the

Cabinet if she could induce her husband to take a longer holiday—say three weeks. She promised to do her best and to keep her instructions secret, and the Cargills duly departed for the North. "In a fortnight," said the Prime Minister to my aunt, "he will have forgotten all this nonsense; but of course we shall have to watch him very carefully in the future."

The Press was given its cue, and announced that Mr. Cargill had spoken at Oldham while suffering from severe nervous breakdown, and that the remarkable doctrines of that speech need not be taken seriously. As I had expected, the public put its own interpretation upon this tale. Men took each other aside in clubs, women gossiped in drawing-rooms, and in a week the Cargill scandal had assumed amazing proportions. The popular version was that the Home Secretary had got very drunk at Caerlaverock House, and still under the influence of liquor had addressed the Young Liberals at Oldham. He was now in an Inebriates' Home, and would not return to the House that session. I confess I trembled when I heard this story, for it was altogether too libellous to pass unnoticed. I believed that soon it would reach the ear of Cargill, fishing quietly at Tomandhoul, and that then there would be the deuce to pay.

Nor was I wrong. A few days later I went to see my aunt to find out how the land lay. She was very bitter, I remember, about Claudia Barriton. "I expected sympathy and help from her, and she never comes near me. I can understand her being absorbed in her engagement, but I cannot understand the frivolous way she spoke when I saw her yesterday. She had the audacity to say that both Mr. Vennard and Mr. Cargill had gone up in her estimation. Young people can be so heartless."

I would have defended Miss Barriton,

but at this moment an astonishing figure was announced. It was Mrs. Cargill in travelling-dress, with a purple bonnet and a green motor-veil. Her face was scarlet, whether from excitement or the winds of Tomandhoul, and she charged down on us like a young bull.

"We have come back," she said, "to meet our accusers."

"Accusers!" cried my aunt.

"Yes, accusers!" said the lady. "The abominable rumor about Alexander has reached our ears. At this moment he is with the Prime Minister demanding an official denial. I have come to you, because it was here, at your table, that Alexander is said to have fallen."

"I really don't know what you mean, Mrs. Cargill."

"I mean that Alexander is said to have become drunk while dining here, to have been drunk when he spoke at Oldham, and to be now in a Drunkard's Home." The poor lady broke down. "Alexander," she cried, "who has been a teetotaler from his youth, and for thirty years an elder in the U.P. Church! No form of intoxicant has ever been permitted on our table. Even in illness the thing has never passed our lips."

My aunt by this time had pulled herself together. "If this outrageous story is current, Mrs. Cargill, there was nothing for it but to come back. Your friends know that it is a gross libel. The only denial necessary is for Mr. Cargill to resume his work. I trust his health is better."

"He is well, but heartbroken. His is a sensitive nature, Lady Caerlaverock, and he feels a stain like a wound."

"There is no stain," said my aunt briskly. "Every public man is a target for scandals, but no one but a fool believes them. They will die a natural death when he returns to work. An official denial would make everybody look ridiculous, and encourage the or-

dinary person to think that there may have been something in them. Believe me, dear Mrs. Cargill, there is nothing to be anxious about now that you are back in London again."

On the contrary, I thought, there was more cause for anxiety than ever. Cargill was back in the House and the illness game could not be played a second time. I went home that night acutely sympathetic towards the worries of the Prime Minister. Mulross would be abroad in a day or two, and Vennard and Cargill were volcanoes in eruption. The Government was in a parlous state, with three demented Ministers on the loose.

The same night I first heard the story of *The Bill*. Vennard had done more than play golf at Littlestone. His active mind—for his bitterest enemies never denied his intellectual energy—had been busy on a great scheme. At that time, it will be remembered, a serious shrinkage of unskilled labor existed not only in the Transvaal but in the new copper fields of East Africa. Simultaneously a famine was scourging Behar, and Vennard, to do him justice, had made manful efforts to cope with it. He had gone fully into the question, and had been slowly coming to the conclusion that Behar was hopelessly overcrowded. In his new frame of mind—unswervingly logical, utterly unemotional, and wholly unbound by tradition—he had come to connect the African and Indian troubles, and to see in one the relief of the other. The first fruit of his meditations was a letter to "The Times." In it he laid down a new theory of emigration. The peoples of the Empire, he said, must be mobile, shifting about to suit economic conditions. But if this was true for the white man, it was equally true for the dark races under our tutelage. He referred to the famine, and argued that the recurrence of such disasters was inevitable, unless we assisted the

poverty-stricken ryot to emigrate and sell his labor to advantage. He proposed indentures and terminable contracts, for he declared he had no wish to transplant for good. All that was needed was a short season of wage-earning abroad, that the laborer might return home with savings which would set him for the future on a higher economic plane. The letter was temperate and academic in phrasing, the speculation of a publicist rather than the declaration of a Minister. But in Liberals who remembered the pandemonium raised over the Chinese in South Africa it stirred up the gloomiest forebodings.

Then, whispered from mouth to mouth, came the news of the Great Bill. Vennard, it was said, intended to bring in a measure at the earliest possible date to authorize a scheme of enforced and State-aided emigration to the African mines. It would apply at first only to the famine districts, but power would be given to extend its working by proclamation to other areas. Such was the rumor, and I need not say it was soon magnified. Questions were asked in the House which the Speaker ruled out of order. Furious articles, inviting denial, appeared in the Liberal Press; but Vennard took not the slightest notice. He spent his time between his office in Whitehall and the links at Littlestone, dropping into the House once or twice for half an hour's slumber while a colleague was speaking. In a day or two the story universally believed was that the Secretary for India was about to transfer the bulk of the Indian people to work as indentured laborers for South African Jews.

It was this popular version, I fancy, which reached the ears of Ram Singh, and the news came on him like a thunderclap. He thought that what Vennard proposed Vennard could do. He saw his native province stripped of its

people; his fields left unploughed, and his cattle untended; nay, it was possible, his own worthy and honorable self sent to a far country to dig in a hole. It was a grievous and intolerable prospect. He walked home to Gloucester Road in heavy preoccupation, and the first thing he did was to get out the mysterious brass box in which he kept his valuables. From a pocket-book he took a small silk packet, opened it, and spilled a few clear grains on his hand. It was the antidote.

He waited two days, while on all sides the rumor of the Bill grew stronger and its provisions more stringent. Then he hesitated no longer, but sent for Lord Caerlaverock's cook.

#### V.

I conceive that the drug did not create new opinions, but elicited those which had hitherto lain dormant. Every man has a creed, but in his soul he knows that that creed has another side, possibly not less logical, which it does not suit him to produce. Our most honest convictions are not the children of pure reason, but of temperament, environment, necessity, and interest. Most of us takes sides in life and forget the one we reject. But our conscience tells us it is there, and we can on occasion state it with a fairness and fulness which proves that it is not wholly repellent to our reason. During the crisis I write of, the attitude of Cargill and Vennard was not that of roysterers out for irresponsible mischief. They were eminently reasonable and wonderfully logical, and in private conversation they gave their opponents a very bad time. Cargill, who had hitherto been the hope of the extreme Free-traders, wrote an article for the "Quarterly" on Tariff Reform. It was set up, but long before it could be used it was cancelled and the type scattered. I have seen a proof of it however, and I confess I have never



read a more brilliant defence of a doctrine which the author had hitherto described as a childish heresy. Which proves my contention—that Cargill all along knew that there was a strong case against Free Trade, but naturally did not choose to admit it, his allegiance being vowed elsewhere. The drug altered temperament, and with it the creed which is mainly based on temperament. It scattered current convictions, roused dormant speculations, and without damaging the reason switched it on to a new track.

I can see all this now, but at the time I saw only stark madness and the horrible ingenuity of the lunatic. While Vennard was ruminating on his Bill, Cargill was going about London arguing like a Scotch undergraduate. The Prime Minister had seen from the start that the Home Secretary was the worse danger. Vennard might talk of his preposterous Bill, but the Cabinet would have something to say to it before its introduction, and he was mercifully disinclined to go near St. Stephen's. But Cargill was assiduous in his attendance at the House, and at any moment might blow the Government sky-high. His colleagues were detailed in relays to watch him. One would hale him to luncheon, and keep him till question time was over. Another would insist on taking him for a motor ride, which would end in a break-down about Brentford. Invitations to dinner were showered upon him, and Cargill, who had been unknown in society, found the whole social machinery of his party set at work to make him a lion. The result was that he was prevented from speaking in public, but given far too much encouragement to talk in private. He talked incessantly, before, at, and after dinner, and he did enormous harm. He was horribly clever, too, and usually got the best of an argument, so that various eminent private Lib-

erals had their tempers ruined by his dialectic. In his rich and unabashed accent—he had long discarded his Edinburg-English—he dissected their arguments and ridiculed their character. He had once been famous for his soapy manners: now he was as rough as a Highland stot.

Things could not go on in this fashion: the risk was too great. It was just a fortnight, I think, after the Caerlaverock dinner-party, when the Prime Minister resolved to bring matters to a head. He could not afford to wait for ever on a return of sanity. He consulted Caerlaverock, and it was agreed that Vennard and Cargill should be asked, or rather commanded, to dine on the following evening at Caerlaverock House. Mulross, whose sanity was not suspected, and whose ankle was now well again, was also invited, as were three other members of the Cabinet and myself as *amicus curiæ*. It was understood that after dinner there would be a settling-up with the two rebels. Either they should recant and come to heel, or they should depart from the fold to swell the wolf-pack of the Opposition. The Prime Minister did not conceal the loss which his party would suffer, but he argued very sensibly that anything was better than a brace of vipers in its bosom.

I have never attended a more lugubrious function. When I arrived I found Caerlaverock, the Prime Minister, and the three other members of the Cabinet standing round a small fire in attitudes of nervous dejection. I remember it was a raw, wet evening, but the gloom out of doors was sunshine compared to the gloom within. Caerlaverock's viceregal air had sadly altered. The Prime Minister, once famous for his genial manners, was pallid and preoccupied. We exchanged remarks about the weather and the du-

ration of the session. Then we fell silent till Mulross arrived.

He did not look as if he had come from a sickbed. He came in as jaunty as a boy, limping just a little from his accident. He was greeted by his colleagues with tender solicitude,—solicitude, I fear, completely wasted on him.

"Devilish silly thing to do to get run over," he said. "I was in a brown study when a cab came round a corner. But I don't regret it, you know. During the past fortnight I have had leisure to go into this Bosnian succession business, and I see now that Von Kladow has been playing one big game of bluff. Very well; it has got to stop. I am going to prick the bubble before I am many days older."

The Prime Minister looked anxious. "Our policy towards Bosnia has been one of non-interference. It is not for us, I should have thought, to read Germany a lesson."

"Oh, come now," Mulross said, slapping—yes, actually slapping—his leader on the back; "we may drop that nonsense when we are alone. You know very well that there are limits to our game of non-interference. If we don't read Germany a lesson, she will read us one—and a damned long unpleasant one too. The sooner we give up all this milk-blooded, blue-spectacled, pacifist talk the better. However, you will see what I have got to say to-morrow in the House."

The Prime Minister's face lengthened. Mulross was not the pillar he had thought him, but a splintering reed. I saw that he agreed with me that this was the most dangerous of the lot.

Then Cargill and Vennard came in together. Both looked uncommonly fit, younger, trimmer, cleaner. Vennard, instead of his sloppy clothes and shaggy hair, was groomed like a Guardsman; had a large pearl-and-diamond solitaire in his shirt, and a white

waistcoat with jewelled buttons. He had lost all his self-consciousness, grinned cheerfully at the others, warmed his hands at the fire, and cursed the weather. Cargill, too, had lost his sanctimonious look. There was a bloom of rustic health on his cheek, and a sparkle in his eye, so that he had the appearance of some rosy Scotch laird of Raeburn's painting. Both men wore an air of purpose and contentment.

Vennard turned at once on the Prime Minister. "Did you get my letter?" he asked. "No? Well, you'll find it waiting when you get home. We're all friends here, so I can tell you its contents. We *must* get rid of this ridiculous Radical 'tail.' They think they have the whip-hand of us; well, we have got to prove that we can do very well without them. They are a collection of confounded, treacherous, complacent prigs, but they have no grit in them, and will come to heel if we tackle them firmly. I respect an honest fanatic, but I do not respect those sentiment-mongers. They have the impudence to say that the country is with them. I tell you it is rank nonsense. If you take a strong hand with them you'll double your popularity, and we'll come back next year with an increased majority. Cargill agrees with me."

The Prime Minister looked grave. "I am *not* prepared to discuss any policy of ostracism. What you call our 'tail' is a vital section of our party. Their creed may be one-sided, but it is none the less part of our mandate from the people."

"I want a leader who governs as well as reigns," said Vennard. "I believe in discipline, and you know as well as I do that the Rump is infernally out of hand."

"They are not the only members who fall in discipline."

Vennard grinned. "I suppose you

mean Cargill and myself. But we are following the central lines of British policy. We are on your side, and we want to make your task easier."

Cargill suddenly began to laugh. "I don't want any ostracism. Leave them alone, and Vennard and I will undertake to give them such a time in the House that they will wish they had never been born. We'll make them resign in batches."

Dinner was announced, and, laughing uproariously, the two rebels went arm-in-arm into the dining-room.

Cargill was in tremendous form. He began to tell Scotch stories, memories of his old Parliament-House days. He told them admirably, with a raciness of idiom which I had thought beyond him. They were long tales, and some were as broad as they were long, but Mr. Cargill disarmed criticism. His audience, rather scandalized at the start, were soon captured, and political troubles were forgotten in old-fashioned laughter. Even the Prime Minister's anxious face relaxed.

This lasted till the *entrée*, the famous Caerlaverock curry.

As I have said, I was not in the secret, and did not detect the transition. As I partook of the dish I remember feeling a sudden giddiness and a slight nausea. The antidote, to those who had not taken the drug, must have been, I suppose, in the nature of a mild emetic. A mist seemed to obscure the faces of my fellow-guests, and slowly the tide of conversation ebbed away. First Vennard, then Cargill, became silent. I was feeling rather sick, and I noticed with some satisfaction that all our faces were a little green. I wondered casually if I had been poisoned.

The sensation passed, but the party had changed. More especially I was soon conscious that something had happened to the three Ministers. I noticed Mulross particularly, for he was my

neighbor. The look of keenness and vitality had died out of him, and suddenly he seemed a rather old, rather tired man, very weary about the eyes.

I asked him if he felt seedy.

"No, not specially," he replied, "but that accident gave me a nasty shock."

"You should go off for a change," I said.

"I almost think I will," was the answer. "I had not meant to leave town till just before the Twelfth, but I think I had better get away to Marienbad for a fortnight. There is nothing doing in the House, and work at the office is at a standstill. Yes, I fancy I'll go abroad before the end of the week."

I caught the Prime Minister's eye and saw that he had forgotten the purpose of the dinner, being dimly conscious that that purpose was now idle. Cargill and Vennard had ceased to talk like rebels. The Home Secretary had subsided into his old, suave, phrasing self. The humor had gone out of his eye, and the looseness had returned to his lips. He was an older and more commonplace man, but harmless, quite harmless. Vennard, too, wore a new air, or rather had recaptured his old one. He was saying little, but his voice had lost its crispness and recovered its half-plaintive unctiousness; his shoulders had a droop in them; once more he bristled with self-consciousness.

We others were still shaky from the detestable curry, and were so puzzled as to be acutely uncomfortable. Relief would come later, no doubt; for the present we were uneasy at this weird transformation. I saw the Prime Minister examining the two faces intently, and the result seemed to satisfy him. He sighed and looked at Caerlaverock, who smiled and nodded.

"What about that Bill of yours, Vennard?" he asked. "There have been a lot of stupid rumors."

"Bill?" Vennard said. "I know of no Bill. Now that my departmental work is over I can give my whole soul to Cargill's Small Holdings. Do you mean that?"

"Yes, of course. There was some confusion in the popular mind, but the old arrangement holds. You and Cargill will pull it through between you."

They began to talk about those weariful small holdings, and I ceased to listen. We left the dining-room and drifted to the library, where a fire tried to dispel the gloom of the weather. There was a feeling of deadly depression abroad, so that, for all its awkwardness, I would really have preferred the former Caerlaverock dinner. The

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Prime Minister was whispering to his host. I heard him say something about there being "the devil of a lot of explaining" before him.

Vennard and Cargill came last to the library, arm-in-arm as before.

"I should count it a greater honor," Vennard was saying, "to sweeten the lot of one toiler in England than to add a million miles to our territory. While one English household falls below the minimum scale of civil wellbeing, all talk of Empire is sin and folly."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Cargill.

Then I knew for certain that at last peace had descended upon the vexed tents of Israel.

*(Conclusion.)*

## THE SPIRIT OF FASTING.

Canon Hensley Henson in a Lenten sermon last week made some excellent applications of the essential Christian truth that the letter of the law must not be mistaken for the spirit of the law. If it had not been the native inclination of humanity to confuse the two, our Lord would certainly not have uttered His wonderful series of warnings against allowing any single religious custom, however good in itself, to harden into a formula. The first and most obvious custom which we all associate with Lent is fasting, whether it be the definite restriction in the quantity of one's food and drink, or the self-discipline in the choice of it, or the refraining from the normal amusements and indulgences of life. Who could say a word against a practice which is so carefully enjoined by the Church, by the experience of men of all ages and of all religions—except perhaps Confucianism, which is not exactly a religion—and by the convincing response of a man's health to the schooling of sim-

plicity or abstinence? It was not for nothing that every religion which sprang from the East inculcated fasting as the means of increasing spiritual penetration. When John Wesley was seventy-seven years old he recommended fasting on Fridays as a cure for nervous disorders. He fasted strictly and regularly himself, and attributed to this habit the possession of his exuberant spirits. He had never been in low spirits for a quarter of an hour in his life, he used to say; and as his married life gave him acute, if passing, causes for despondency, the testimonial is a valuable one.

Yet even fasting—perhaps we should rather say fasting above all other religious exercises, if we remember our Lord's indignation with the hypocrites who fasted with insincerity—is apt to cause the confusion of the end and the means against which the whole teaching of Christianity is directed. There are, we are very sure, persons to whom the most rigid laws of fasting bring no

snare. Moreover, there are persons to whom what may appear to be a rather unreal discipline, a rather arbitrary principle of distinguishing between necessities and luxuries, brings a genuine spiritual endowment. It would be utterly wrong and impertinent to suggest that their Lenten observances are irrational. But, after all, most men and women who "keep" Lent keep it as it is the fashion in their society to keep it. They may give up this or that because people around them are doing so, but the abstention is an accident of the season. You do not go to balls in Lent just as you do not shoot grouse before the Twelfth. Would it not be possible for such people to "fast" in more accurately designed and calculated ways; to do something rather more deliberate, something less staled by wont and custom? That is the thought which was perhaps at the back of Canon Hensley Henson's mind when he said that one danger which beset us was due to the haste in which we were always speaking, thinking, and acting. We were losing the faculty of spiritual fellowship, the sacred art of spiritual thinking, the habit of prayer, the power of meditation, and he suggested that we should keep the fast by making a resolute effort to draw ourselves from the distractions of company and amusement in order that we might be alone with God. He appealed, in fine, for a cutting down of the pace. "Give yourself time," he said in effect, "to think things out. If you rush through your days at your usual break-neck speed, the true kind of fasting is impossible, because you have not time to think what the meaning of it is."

That was the thought in Matthew Arnold's mind, too, when he wrote of the death of his brother, William De-la-field Arnold, and of Mrs. W. D. Arnold in that exquisite memorial poem, "A Southern Night." W. D. Arnold

had just died at Gibraltar on his way home from India, and Mrs. Arnold, dead not long before, was buried under the shadow of the Himalayas:—

Strange irony of fate, alas,

Which, for two jaded English, saves,  
When from their dusty life they pass,  
Such peaceful graves!

In cities should we English lie,  
Where cries are rising ever new,  
And men's incessant stream goes by—  
We who pursue

Our business with unslackening stride,  
Traverse in troops, with care-fill'd  
breast,

The soft Mediterranean side,  
The Nile, the East,

And see all sights from pole to pole,  
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,  
And never once possess our soul  
Before we die.

To possess our soul! If Lent were a time when man could recapture his soul and possess it, if only for those forty days, what would not be the effect on the other three hundred and twenty-five days of the year? John Wesley said: "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry." Was it not an admirable distinction? Modern life has caused most of us to be always in a hurry. Can we turn round and defy the demon who is always pursuing us, and tell him, what is the truth, that there is no need for us to flee before him at all? If we challenge him, he will stand. That is a certainty. Some men will find time for one thing, some for another, but all for something that they could not find time for before. That he could not find time for everything is no contradiction of Wesley's saying that he was never in a hurry. Perhaps it entertained him more to go home and write a Hebrew grammar than to stay and chat even with Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson said: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always

obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

Most men, we fancy, would keep Lent better by making quite sure that they possessed their souls than by replacing the customary cutlet with a vegetarian sandwich. "But meat commendeth us not to God: for neither, if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat, are we the worse." There are texts which definitely enjoin abstinence, of course, but it is a curious fact that every passage in the New Testament which exalts fasting to an exceptionally potent virtue is of doubtful genuineness. "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting" is probably spurious. When we read: "This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting," we have to admit that the Codex Sinaiticus, the best authority, omits "and fasting"; and so on. The Apostles, we may assume, kept the Jewish fasts, but it was not till the beginning of the fourth century that the Church laid down fixed rules of her own for fasting without reference to Jewish custom. But the traditions of the Church are to be held in the spirit of the Scriptures. None of the early patristic writings argue that Christ commanded men to fast. The self-mortification which became a kind of idolatry was the morbid result of competition in asceticism. Think of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar. If a man who had tortured himself to such a degree was not safe from damnation, was salvation possible?—

Who may be saved? Who is it may be saved?

Who is it may be made a saint, if I fail here?

Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I.

*The Spectator.*

For did not all Thy martyrs die one death?

For either they were stoned, or crucified,

Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn

In twain beneath the ribs; but I die here

To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.

It is strange, but true, that the divine common-sense of Christianity appeared more in the shrewd and rational mind of Bacon than in the demented saintliness of St. Simeon. Bacon perceived that the secret of self-mastery was in imposing on oneself slight variations from the normal, not in a continual abnormality. "Use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; and the like. So shall Nature be cherished and yet taught masteries." Christ was opposed to all ceremonial just because it ceased to mean enough to a man when it became systematized. One would like to have included in the Bible the beautifully characteristic story, which exists outside the Canon—Luke vi. 5 [Codex Bezae]—that when Christ saw a man working on the Sabbath He said to him: "O man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest thou art blessed; but if thou knowest not thou art accursed, and a transgressor of the law." If Canon Hensley Henson's exhortation to put away haste for a short time were reduced to a rule, it too would become in time a sterile formula. A man might think to do well by idling, and no doubt the Devil would soon be co-operating with him in such favorable circumstances. "Custom is the principal magistrate of man's life." If a man would possess his soul, he at least must not let custom stale the infinite variety of the spirit.



**THE BATTLE OF THE PRUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY.**

The reactionary who is also doctrinaire has become a rarity in English politics. Hobbes left no tradition behind him. Hegel was liberalized when Green and Caird acclimatized him at Oxford. One must go to the Russian Pobedontseff for a modern persecutor who was intolerant on theory, and repressed in obedience not to a regrettable and temporary necessity, but to an eternal principle boldly avowed. The late Lord Salisbury could not fairly be called either reactionary or doctrinaire without some qualification. He was rather an individualist, who concealed in epigrams and taunts a species of sceptical anarchism. He doubted about all government, and chose a strong government which governed as little as possible. He was not a lath which posed as iron; he was rather an interrogation which stiffened at moments into an imperative. The typical English reactionary has rarely dared to avow the theory which underlies his acts. It is his pose to be the practical man, who leaves to Socialists or Radicals the unpopular wisdom of theorizing. When he calls in the Lords to reject a Budget, it is because he "trusts the people," and claims that they should be consulted. When he signals to them to reject a Bill for the abolition of plural voting, it is because he pretends that the other anomaly of unequal constituencies should be redressed by the same Act. It is refreshing to turn from the unrealities and insincerities of our own reaction to the frankness and boldness of the Prussian variety. The speech in which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg declared in set terms that governments are above public opinion, and have a duty to over-ride it, had at least the merit of honesty. It gave a reason why two days later the police of Prussia drew

their sabres on the unarmed crowds which demanded a Reform Bill. No other reason is sincere, and no other reason is worth examination. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is still something of an enigma. He is not a talking Chancellor. A bureaucrat has succeeded a diplomatist. His career will be the test of the measure of success which may in an awakened and educated industrial State attend the reactionary doctrinaire.

Of the Bill which the new Chancellor has introduced in his capacity of Minister-President of Prussia, we need not speak at length. It leaves the old three-class system of voting essentially untouched. The ballot is still public; elections are still indirect; constituencies are still grotesquely unequal. Above all, the 15 per cent. of propertied voters will still outvote by two to one the 85 per cent. of the proletariat massed in the third class. Some 508,000 Socialist voters return six deputies; some 418,000 Conservatives return 212 deputies. Under the new scheme it is doubtful whether even the six rebels can be elected. For this system Herr von Bethmann Hollweg gave the only defence which is possible—a denial of the sovereignty of the people. Government, he roundly declared, "refused to be influenced by public opinion," and rejected every measure which would subject it to parties, or establish a Parliamentary system. He had to meet the objection that even in Prussia, where the Diet does, after all, control taxation and legislation, a Ministry, which must somehow manage a sort of Parliament, inevitably obeys the will of the propertied class and defends its interests alone. He turned for his justification to facts. In spite of its constitution, the Prussian system of taxation levies direct imposts on property

which cannot be paralleled in democratic France. It has long practised methods of social reform and organization for the benefit of the working classes, which England is only beginning to imitate. Its municipal institutions are in many respects a model which Liberals elsewhere might copy. And, finally, he might have added (if we may complete his argument for him) it is the German Reichstag, elected by universal suffrage, and not the Prussian Diet, which has given, by its food taxes and its Agrarian Tariff, the supreme example of class selfishness. Whatever criticisms one may lavish on the work of the Prussian Diet, it does not always show the crude spirit of class egoism which one would expect from its composition. The claim that the Bureaucracy is in some sense above party and class is not so wholly preposterous as one might suppose. It is a system of defence for a class ascendancy, but at least it is an intelligent and benevolent system. It educates the voters whom it fears. It saves them from the worst phases of dependence and want. It cultivates in their minds, most dangerous boldness of all, a habit of expecting much from a State machinery which they desire to capture in the hope of obtaining more. The French or English workman, armed with the power of the ballot, has but a faint conception of the boons which he might win by using it. The Prussian workman is tantalized by realizing to the full the possibilities of State action which he aspires in vain to guide. A bureaucracy which has done these things may claim to be at once bold and, within limits, disinterested. And for a reason which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg carefully refrained from stating, it is possible for a Bureaucracy, inspired by the ideal of the philosopher-official, to count on its supremacy over a Diet which would

in any other country speak only for the manufacturer and the squire. The feat of managing it is rendered possible by the simple fact that of the deputies, and of the voters in the two higher classes, an immense proportion are themselves officials. A rigid discipline controls, within certain limits, their public votes, alike in the Diet and at the polls. The bureaucracy must, indeed, make terms with the plutocracy. But it is never its mere servant. It controls, from the deputies in the Diet anxious for promotion and patronage, to the postmen and teachers in the constituencies, a regimented phalanx which makes it, in its own right, a power.

The struggle for equal and secret voting in Prussia raises an almost insoluble problem in political mechanics. If it is to be conceded of free will it presupposes not merely the voluntary abdication of a class, but an act of abnegation by parties. When the franchise was gradually extended in our own country, not even a Labor Party existed. But in Prussia, Social Democracy is in numbers, in discipline, and in unity, incomparably the strongest popular force in the country. Liberals and Tories among ourselves hoped by turns to profit politically from reform. But not even the so-called "Radicals" can have anything to gain by it in Prussia. The Clericals desire a secret ballot; the National Liberals and the Radicals have much to gain from a redistribution of seats. But only the Socialists effectively and sincerely want to abolish the ascendancy of property. A successful recourse to force is not thinkable; the Bristol riots could not be imitated in Berlin. There remains only the supreme weapon whose edge the Socialists have been fingering doubtfully for years—the general strike. It will be tried sooner or later, not so much because it is a hopeful method, as because it is so clearly the

only method of intimidating a bureaucracy which seems to occupy an impregnable position. The end will not come easily, and that chiefly for the reason that here is more at stake than the internal government of Prussia. The democratization of Prussia, as Herr von Bethmann Hollweg avowed in this singular piece of thinking aloud, would involve the democratization of the Empire. The fall of bureaucracy there would mean the adoption of responsi-

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ble Parliamentary government in the Empire itself. The tariff would be in the melting-pot; the Navy Act would cease to be sacrosanct; the policy of the world's greatest military State would be exposed to the dictation of a party which is frankly anti-militarist. A bureaucracy which is at once intelligent, benevolent, and firm, dies hard. But it has made any half-way house untenable. The change will come, and with it a new Germany and a new Europe.

### UNREST IN CHINA.

The Duke of Norfolk has been making the flesh of the men of Norwich creep with talk of a great Power preparing for a great crisis in the near future, and how a time is coming, and we must all be prepared. How similar are the minds of most dissimilar men! At the same time, the anti-foreign party in China are placarding the walls with notices that the Powers are plotting the partition of China, and that all patriotic Chinamen must get ready for action. Thus strangely do like emotions produce like results. A fellow feeling makes the whole world kin, and at the call of patriotism the Duke echoes the Mandarin. The Chinaman, indeed, has the advantage of the Englishman in picturesque expression. When a Chinese noble wishes to warn all true Chinamen against invasion, he tells them that foreign devils are scheming to carve the melon, and from that they understand that China is about to be divided up. The picture rivals in simple directness even the most impressionistic of our recent political posters. But the situation in China has very grave aspects. The anti-foreign agitation is being actively renewed. According to a well-informed authority, the *North China Herald*, the outlook is more serious than it

has been for many years. Several causes are combining to produce a situation which contains very dangerous possibilities. The reactionaries are carrying on an active propaganda by means of placards about the melon and its carvers. They are aided by the native Press, the circulation of which is rapidly growing. The most fertile soil for these tares to grow in is the student class. Stirred to enthusiasm by appeals to the old learning and customs of the country, the students are enrolling themselves into volunteer corps for the defence of the system from which they hope one day to gain their living. The people at large are being asked and persuaded to interest themselves in the movement in a manner which is peculiarly well calculated to increase the danger of the situation. It is pointed out to them that the hold which the foreigner has upon the country is due to its foreign debt, and to the railways which the foreigners have been allowed to build. Appeals are then made under official patronage for national subscriptions to pay off the foreign loans, to enable China to build her own railways, and to provide her with a navy. Considerable sums have been collected. Three years ago the inhabitants of Szechuan subscribed

\$1,000,000 for their end of the Hankow-Szechuan line. The Provincial Government accepted the money, and "borrowed" it for its own purposes. Such, it is probable, will be the fate of all similar subscriptions. The people are too ignorant rightly to understand what the money is wanted for, and the Ministry of Finance is too cautious to publish accounts of the amounts received. When the subscribers begin to realize that their money has gone, and that the foreigner has not, it is only too likely that the combination of outrages upon their pockets and their prejudices will lead them into trying to take the law into their own hands.

On the top of all this, Halley's comet is coming. In a letter to the *North China Daily News*, the Rev. D. MacGillivray speaks of his experiences during a recent visit to the interior. A reference to the approach of the comet, he says, brought even officials to their feet with eager questions. We can understand that a business which has such an effect upon a Chinese official must indeed be one of moment. Eclipses and other signs in the heavens have a peculiarly disturbing effect upon Chinese minds. It is natural and inevitable for them to believe that interruptions in the ordinary course of nature are part of a general disturbance of the whole established order, including systems of government and all other human relations. Wars, revolutions, or dynastic changes are expected to follow, and if there is any delay in their appearance, the Chinaman will see to it that it is not his fault if there is not an adequate response upon earth to the celestial disturbances. Those best acquainted with the country are

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therefore apprehensive lest the advent of the comet should give the signal for an outbreak of the existing anti-foreign feeling. The uncertainty of the situation has just been proved all too clearly by a mutiny at Canton amongst soldiers trained in the European style, apparently against the hated un-Chinese customs which are forced upon them. Warned by such danger-signals as these, missionaries and others are taking steps to spread information about the comet. Picture-posters of it have been published, containing all its known portraits, from the Bayeux tapestry onwards. It is to be hoped that these measures may have a good effect, though it is little that can be done in so short a time amongst such a vast population.

It is a cause for special regret that so much of the present discontent and unrest amongst the ignorant classes should centre round the railway question. As we have noticed of late on several occasions, China has grounds for real and solid satisfaction in the progress which she has made in railway development and construction on her own account. Amongst other undertakings, she has carried through a difficult and arduous piece of work, the Pekin-Kalgan railway, by means of Chinese engineers alone. Nothing could more disastrously impede her development in this direction than the employment of her achievements to promote jealousy of the foreign concessionaries, and as a means of inflaming popular feeling against the introduction into China of such of the benefits of European civilization as may be appropriate to her circumstances.

BY THE WATERS OF ISRAEL.

Eyes accustomed to the sight of still and running waters framed in green find something peculiarly desolate in the lakes and rivers of the Holy Land, and marvel that such saddening overflow from Hermon and Lebanon can have inspired the Psalmist with his raptures. Even the "bowery Jordan," as Disraeli called it, whose verdant banks are, to the very threshold of its bitter grave, in startling contrast with the arid barrenness of the smitten plain of Jericho, rushes in muddy frenzy through a parched land that cries in vain for some alleviation of its thirst. The glacial Abana, which comes tumbling from the mountain snows to be swallowed up in the streets of fanatical Damascus, flows, like some other rivers of Syria, through smiling scenes amid which grumbling camels pasture in their thousands; but Syria is a happier land than Palestine, and its face wears a less repulsive expression even in the time of drought.

The two lakes in all that region which irresistibly call for contrast are obviously Galilee and the Dead Sea. Their appearance to-day bears out their story in the past. Galilee owes little of its witching beauty to its setting. True, there is forbidding grandeur in the clear-cut purple and ochre mountains that tower around in an atmosphere peculiarly conducive to the predominance of the middle distance. There is picturesqueness in the white domes of the religious houses at Tiberias, and there is welcome interruption of the oval coastline in the little splashes of ruin at Capernaum and elsewhere. Nor can the frequent presence of half-naked Bedouin, whose smooth black buffaloes wallow luxuriously in the shallows while their masters ply the cast-net or sit on their haunches among the reeds, smoking the kief pipe and dreaming of

Paradise, fail to provide a touch of life in the picture. Yet the haunting glory of Galilee is in its story. Shorn of its wondrous legend, it would be no more than any other gleam of water resting the eye in the midst of the desert. There is something joyous about its image from end to end. In no light, neither in sun nor moon nor the thousand effects between, does it breathe the silent tragedy of the Dead Sea, the most sinister sheet of water I ever looked upon. Long before I had stood upon its pebbly brink it had seemed to me that Lake Pontchartrain—Pontchartrain which lies outside New Orleans, brooding with memories of the vanished glories of loyal Frenchmen and the ruined gentlemen of the Confederate States who came after them—was the saddest water of my travels east and west. Yet as I drew rein beside the Dead Sea, having ridden over from Jericho before the sun was up, the memory of Pontchartrain, which came all unbidden to my mind, seemed hilarious by comparison with the deathly stillness that lay before me, this most unnatural of lakes wherein no fish can live, no ephemeral insect come to being. Nor was a bathe in its water, though welcome after so hot a ride over the plain, unattended by abnormal experiences in harmony with this morbid mere. The swimmer loses control of his limbs. His head and body float at angles impossible in ordinary waters, fresh or salt. The brine is so dense that it must at all costs be kept from the eyes, and is even said to be injurious to the ears. The body, on emerging from this strange brew, dries rapidly, but retains a coating of salt crystals that sparkle like frost. About this dreadful sea there is none of the sense of holy calm and infinite peace which invests the dancing waters of

Genesareth, with its bird-life, its shoals of fishes splashing in every shallow, and its merry fishermen, who in calm or storm navigate its surface in craft stout enough to live through even those sudden squalls, one of which inspired surely the most majestic mandate ever uttered to the raging elements: "Peace, be still!"

There is no village like Tiberias to relieve the monotony of the Dead Sea shore, and that fruitless lake, with its surface a thousand feet or more below the Mediterranean, and its bed another thousand, touches the lowest depths, a very slough of despond. It is undeniable that Tiberias as we know it to-day, is but a sorry hamlet, from which all its former glory is departed, a dirty agglomeration of hovels, with inhabitants in keeping, and with the sweet Casa Nova of the Franciscans as the one sympathetic spot amid all its squalor. Yet, though its palaces and synagogues be no more, Tiberias lends a character to the sacred lake which is wholly missing from the other and final goal of the Jordan, which runs between them in a turgid torrent, beset with shoals, disappointing to the fisherman, yet ever the lodestar of a million pilgrims of a dozen Eastern churches.

The Jordan and Abana may be famed in history, but there is a smaller stream running into the plain of Jericho, between that place and Jerusalem, which is more lovable than either. It is by common consent regarded as Eli-

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jah's brook Cherith, "which is before Jordan," but better known locally by the Syrian name of Wady Kelt. By its crystal pools, which gleam under overhanging rocks hidden in blossom that scents the homes of songbirds, happy schoolboys from Jerusalem camp out in their holidays; and there also I have gone to bathe and fish and rest after the glare and dust of riding in the plain. It carves its winding way, this pretty stream, through towering mountains, and can be reached only by a bridle track, which no doubt accounts for the otherwise surprising fact that its beauties are unknown to the majority of American tourists, who rarely leave Jerusalem for Jericho save in vehicles, and are therefore debarred from enjoying a glimpse of what seemed to me the most attractive water in all that thirsty land. There is the glamor of legend about the Jordan, and there is strength and beauty of a kind in the Abana; while even the Dog River, where it debouches, north of Beyrout, into the Mediterranean, rushing through the shadow of the rocks that bear the cuneiform inscriptions of dead dynasties, is not without a picturesqueness of its own. Yet not one of these greater streams has the quiet beauty of Cherith, which moreover has fonder memories than any other for the angler, since alone among them all it gives him sport with the fly—his highest test of water all the world over.

F. G. Afalo.

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### THE LIMIT.

[Another General Election within three months is anticipated in some quarters.]

Never a whine escaped me, not a whimper

Through all those weeks of weariness and fuss,

When every morning found the lyre grow limper,

As *Lloyd* said this and *Churchill* labored thus.

Who heeded songs meanwhile? What oats had Pegasus?

Here were the papers stripped of half their glory,

The subjects which delight the Muse and me;



What do we care for Liberal or for Tory  
 So we preserve a Press that's fancy free,  
 Ranging the whole wide world (through *Beuter's* agency)?

The sun was blotted out with facts and figures,  
 And through the darkness, desolate, opaque,  
 Perspiring rhetoricians tolled like niggers  
 As though some solid issue were at stake.  
 Poor innocents! And yet I neither moved nor spake.

And now, as when the last straw comes and smashes  
 The overburdened dromedary's spine,  
 They hint at more elections. Dust and ashes!  
 Am I to take this tyranny supine?  
 Is there no end to politics, no anodyne?

Must I again be numbered with the readers  
 Of awful economic rigmaroles?  
 Admire the spectacle of party leaders  
 For ever climbing up their slippery polls?  
 And hear the "Last Results" sound forth like funeral tolls?

If it be so, then, Ministers, take warning!  
 Ere I submit to that impendent pall,  
 Out I shall go (accomplices suborning)  
 And wreck the panes in Downing Street, and squall,  
 "No votes for anyone! No votes! No votes at all!"  
 Punch.

*Evoe.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Lovers of dainty anthologies will remember the pretty *Book of Christmas*, which the Macmillans published last year. They now publish a companion volume, "*The Book of Easter*." The Right Reverend Bishop Doane furnishes an introduction; and the book is composed of Easter songs and meditations from many sources, Easter stories and reflections suited to the days before Easter as well as to Easter itself, with copies of Easter pictures from the old masters and imaginative drawings by George Wharton Edwards. Altogether the little book fills a place hitherto quite vacant.

Mr. Charles Morley's "*London at Prayer*" is composed of papers written for the "*Pall Mall Magazine*," and describing not places of prayer only but also places in which that labor which

is the equivalent of prayer is pursued. The subjects are chosen quite irrespective of creed, and the treatment is that of a sympathetic observer rather than an enquirer or investigator. They include the Barnardo Home, the Salvation Army, the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Daughters of St. Vincent, whom the author names "butterfly sisters" from their peasant coifs, Westminster, Saint Paul's, John Wesley's chapel, the Great Synagogue in Jewry, a Quaker meeting-house, and the Poor Brothers of the Charter-house, of whom the best known is he who never existed, Colonel Thomas Newcome. So through London fares the author, looking only for the things which are lovely and of good report, and finding so many that his book is one of the most cheerful of the season. The illustrations are excellent and worthy of the text. The

conventional cathedral tour might very well find a rival in a tour of London based on this work. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Some prefaces may be neglected, but that of Professor Frederic L. Paxson's "The Last American Frontier," must be read, under penalty of mistaking a purposely picturesque sketch for a grave historical work. As the author is a professor of American history in the University of Michigan, the latter rather than the former is naturally expected, but when the bristling dates and careful statistics do not appear, one soon discovers that the apparent carelessness is the ease of intimacy. By his title Professor Paxson means the last dividing line between the white man and the red, the last wave mark of the rising tide of civilization, and his happy mastery of his subject enables his readers to grasp it far more effectually than by the method of supplying them with dates and incidents and leaving them to shape their own vision of the progress of settlement as a whole. His use of the geographical factor is very skilful, and the elementary school-teacher who seizes on the hints afforded in this work will enliven his classes and may even hope to rouse his pupils to that ceaseless movement in human affairs, the perception of which so vivifies history. To the general reader, this compact, easily comprehensible account of the changes by which the West and the East have been made one will be welcome. The Macmillan Company.

Mrs. Anna Chapin Ray's "Over the Quicksands," is her first essay in a new field far larger than the pleasant pastures into which she has hitherto led her readers. The book traces the story of a deliberate and prolonged sin, concealed from the world and from the two children whom it most concerned, until it tem-

porarily blighted their lives. It is hardly possible to speak more definitely without diminishing the reader's interest, but Mrs. Ray has managed this more serious plot quite as well as her gay comedies of maidens choosing and lovers wooing and in her studies of slightly warped but sound characters. Also she has done her work quite without the queer self-consciousness sometimes exhibited by a writer attempting a new style and in a manner equally remote from timidity and from awkwardness. The two sinners are intentionally made the most striking figures of the tale, and the strong contrast between their behavior is a daring experiment on the reader's credulity, but the author's success justifies her choice of it. If she should work only for older readers in future they will gain an entertainer well skilled in her art and holding her pen and her mind in perfect control. She has far surpassed the model which she herself set up in early days. Her Teddy is a trifling ghost beside the successful author of many tales from whom many more ought to come. Little, Brown & Co. ~

"Religion in the Making," by Professor Samuel G. Smith of the University of Minnesota, had a quaint origin, being the result of his teaching sociology to upper classmen in the University, and teaching the Bible to special classes in the People's Church, St. Paul. After some years of this work, it struck him that sociology might be an excellent instrument for the interpretation of the Bible, and that the Bible might be a rich source of sociological material. Having pursued the conjoined study of the two subjects for some two years with select companies of students, he offered work in Biblical sociology to his university classes, and after four years of testing it, has shaped part of his work into this

volume, which will be followed by a second on the domestic, political and industrial life of the Hebrews. The first six chapters of the present work exhibit some of the aspects of the religious problem, define sociology, and the social value of religion, rehearse the current scientific views of the Bible, describe the scenes of its chief incidents and the more important of the races figuring in it. Then, after explaining how the idea of God has developed, Professor Smith writes on the sacred persons, places, services, and objects connected with the religion of the Hebrews, their sacred days and their conception of sanctity and draws a few conclusions. The assistance which a reader of the Bible, be his aim what it will, may draw from the work is incalculable. Even if he be fairly well read in Spencer, Miller and Renan, Barth, and Lotze, Professor Smith's swift review of the subject and his comments will renew interest in it, and if he bring an untaught mind to the reading he will feel that he has found a new Bible. The Macmillan Company.

The day is long past when one could accuse of a desire for notoriety the woman whose books revealed a wide acquaintance with the possibilities of human depravity, and when one encounters a story in which a clever writer bends all her talent and knowledge of the world to showing that honor, pride, ambition, gratitude, good feeling, duty and personal fastidiousness are equally impotent to protect a man from an evil woman, provided only that she be the embodiment of some "art," one finds the story commonplace. No elaboration will give novelty to the old sophistries—the only opportunity for originality lies in devising the steps by which a man of even moderate shrewdness may be led to accepting them. In her "Tower of Ivory," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton dis-

plays much ingenuity in such devices. Her hero, the younger brother of an impoverished peer, is represented as a man of ability, though giving no proof of it except the nice conduct of a wardrobe including 284 neckties, some capacity for courteous insolence, and that well-worn trait, scorn of his creditors. But he has no safeguards whatever against a wonderful singer of Wagner's music, and her frank and detailed acknowledgment of thirteen years of life of deepest shame does not hinder him from sacrificing every human being belonging to him to his passion for her. Mrs. Atherton is skilful enough, and her description of a Wagnerian performance clever enough, to produce a temporary aberration during which the reader finds him less contemptible than he really is. She herself has no delusions about him though she seems persuaded that the great singer, had she not committed the unpardonable sin of disloyalty to art, would have been an ideal woman. The Macmillan Company.

Professor James L. Kellogg of Williams College opens his valuable "Shell Fish Industries," the new volume in the American Nature Series, with a vigorous exposition of the wanton wastefulness of the American, but it is extremely doubtful if he expected it to produce the slightest effect upon any guilty reader. The colonial American wasted as much of every thing as his tools and facilities for carriage permitted, and the nineteenth century immigrants took advantage of new inventions, the formation of the country and increased ease of transportation to make the proceedings of their predecessors seem tame and spiritless. The destruction of a continent in a few centuries is a possibility with such citizens. After enumerating such gleams of hope as he perceives in the prospect, Professor Kellogg addresses himself to

making accounts of the food mollusks interesting to eaters and to cultivators, and those to whom the problem of controlling their production has biological attractions. Chapters on the anatomy of the food mollusks, and their development, and the ciliary mechanisms, introduce the subjects of oyster culture and growth in Europe, Japan and America; the implements used in gathering and cultivating; the natural enemies of the American oyster, and bivalves in relation to disease. All the great oyster fields of the United States are described, their histories are given as far as known, and five closing chapters on the hard shelled and soft shelled clam and scallops close the work. As he was writing with a triple aim, Professor Kellogg was compelled to include many small matters not to be found in other works and the excellent index was a necessity. The eater of the oyster, the cultivator and the scientific observer should be equally satisfied. Henry Holt & Co.

If the present year continue as it begins, it will be more prolific in good books than any twelve month of the last five. Following close on the new edition of the "History of Italian painting," comes "The Evolution of Italian Sculpture," by Lord Balcarras, and invites renewed study of a sister art, considering it in a manner especially grateful to the conservative and the religious, and eschewing the affectations of all the "modern" schools. The introduction dwells upon the traditions of imperial art, the decadence of old sources of inspiration, the discovery of new fountains, and the acquisition of new characteristics derived from the barbarian invaders, and the first chapter shows with what these elements were blended, the indigenous rudiments of Italian sculpture, beginning with Benedetto Antelami. Illustrating this chapter is a group of six façades pre-

sented in pictures extraordinarily stereographical in quality and so clear that Ruskin would have given a volume to the statement of their beauties, and the reader finds it difficult to leave them. This presentation of groups instead of single examples is a noteworthy feature of the book and worthy of imitation by future writers. The second chapter, "The Progress of Form," the third, "Portraiture," and the fourth "Anatomy and the Nude" prepare the way for the next five, "Religious Thought All-Pervading," "Plastic Embodiments of Religious Thought," "Secular Thought and Secular Form," "Classical Thought" and "Baroque," and in these the duplex interest of the work, actual sculpture and its ethical development is unfolded and enforced. Biography, authenticity, all other distracting elements, are neglected for the sake of these two and the result is such a series of strong impressions as one does not often receive. It must be remembered that the author is not yet forty years of age, that he is an active member of the House of Commons, that he holds more than one important public position connected with art interests, in order to estimate the immense energy and devotion implied by this volume. The mere conception of the work might make a reputation; its execution should bring fame of no mean order. The style, no trivial detail in the literature of art, is clear and dignified, with a just assignment of ornament, and here and there that smallest touch of humor invariably accompanying imaginative power sufficient to the understanding of art. The book is a thick quarto and its grouped and single illustrations all of excellent quality number six score. The author half promises a subsequent volume examining the primitive phase by a different system of analysis and illustration, and it will be awaited with high expectations. E. P. Dutton & Co.

